

Light of Truth

Am. Spiritual Assn.
600 Penna. Ave. S. E.
1-23-98

VOL. XXIV.

MAY 6, 1899.

NO. 18.



DELPHA PEARL HUGHES.

An Exponent of the
Philosophy of Life.

HARPER ILL'S SYN. COLSO

COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

BY PROF. J. S. LOVELAND.

NUMBER 7.

CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity is, in part, an offshoot from Judaism. For many years it had no holy scriptures except those of the Jews. All the very earliest Christian writers, whose works have come down to us, appeal entirely to the Old Testament, and make no mention of the New. It was not in existence to be appealed to. But to get a somewhat clear and comprehensive view of Christianity it will be necessary to examine closely its assumed historical records. This, however, is a most difficult matter. The oldest attempted history of Christianity is that of Eusebius, written in the fourth century, nearly 300 years after the death of the reputed founder. And, from the character of Eusebius, we can not put very great confidence in his narrations. Much of it we know to be false or exaggerated. With the exception of the N. T. there is nothing remaining of Christian literature for nearly one hundred years from the assumed death of Jesus, which gives any reliable account of the progress of the new religion. It is almost a blank. For the first hundred years of our era, we have absolutely nothing but the N. T. And it is very doubtful if some of that should not be dated in the second century.

But we will examine the N. T. as we find it. The first thing which strikes us is the singular fact that what should be the oldest, the foundation portion of it—the Gospels—is the latest. The Epistles are older than the Gospels. Yet as they claim to embody the first period of the history, we will devote attention to that history, or rather story. Matthew and Luke pretend to give the story from the beginning. Both of them are fables. Both commence with the impossible. Both affirm the birth of a child without a human father—a miraculous conception. Both of them detail impossible miracles performed by this wonderful character. If we apply the old rule, false in one, false in all, we should be obliged to reject them entirely. As it is we are compelled to set them down as neither authentic nor genuine. They, and the other two, Mark and John, are romances with a possible basis of fact. They contradict each other as to the time when their hero was born—the circumstances attending and following his birth—as to his death, resurrection and ascension, as well as many of his acts and sayings during his life. If they lie about these things, what trust can be put in any of their statements?

The Jesus of the N. T. is a myth. As I have shown elsewhere, Christianity, in the Gospels, has made a man out of a myth, or a myth out of a man. No such person as the N. T. Jesus ever lived. That a man lived, to whom the fabulous myth of Christianity has been applied, is more than probable. That he was any more of a miracle worker than Buddha is not probable or possible. It took 300 years for the Christian myth to grow to full perfection. By reading between the lines in the N. T., and gathering up some of the fragments of early Christian writings, we discover that the man Jesus was an Essene. That his church was an Essene or Communistic church.

That it retained great respect for some of the more important features of Judaism, and it never tolerated the idea of Jesus being aught but a man. But this was always a "little flock." The founder of the conquering church was Paul. He tolerated the other, but he could not confine his ambitious proselytism to the narrow field of the Judaic church—he "turned to the Gentiles." There are hints that a remnant of the Jesus church survived the destruction of Jerusalem, but it did not survive the third century.

The publication of the 4th Gospel in the second century contributed largely to spread and confirm the myth. Instead of a child miraculously conceived, the logos, which was with God and was God, was "made flesh, and dwelt among us." He who "made all things" was himself "made flesh." This mythical doctrine suited the Greek mind, and about 325 A. D., at the famous council of Nice, the full-orbed myth was embodied in the Athanasian creed. The man Jesus had become the second person of the "blessed trinity." He was "very God of very God;" "consubstantial with the Father, very and eternal God." Though a son, he was unbeginning—as old as his father, and though begotten by the Holy Ghost, yet the Holy Ghost proceeded from him.

As the simple Essenism had thus become incorporated into the mythologies of Egypt, Persia and India, it was appropriate for it to also fuse with the Pagan power of Rome and become the aid and supporter of that bloodthirsty despotism. It soon became drunk on the blood of slaughtered Christians who refused to accept the myth of the Nicean council. This council, allying the myth, which it had completed, with Roman Imperialism, started the measures which were to make the myth supreme and the state a ready tool to carry on the aggrandisement of the church and the destruction of heretics. The first step in this program was the destruction of the Greek learning and culture. All promotion was through the church. The possession of books was a menace to life, as they might be found tainted with heresy. Hence, multitudes destroyed the books they possessed for fear of persecution. This condition would necessarily check the work of book making and the spread of learning. Christianity from the first had discountenanced science and denounced knowledge. Its early disciples were almost entirely from the poor and ignorant masses. They were more easily led and controlled than the educated.

But there were three special acts, in connection with the destruction of the Greek culture and civilization which need particular mention. Alexandria in Egypt was the great center of Greek learning. Here was the famous university founded by the Ptolemies, and the wonderful library of 700,000 volumes. Also the Serapion, one of the most magnificent structures of Grecian architecture. It contained a part, or all, of the great library. But it was the Temple of Serapis, and the Christian bishop, aided by his ignorant followers, accomplished its destruction. The library was destroyed or scattered. The treasures of centuries of thought and scientific culture

were there. The steam engine of Hiero; the astronomical instruments by which Ptolemy and others had made their discoveries; with which Eratosthenes had measured a degree of latitude on the shores of the Red sea, were all consigned to destruction, amid the frantic rejoicing of Christians. So besottedly ignorant were they as to suppose the apparatus of science was used for the purposes of sorcery. This was the first grand episode in the destruction of civilization.

Gradually, but surely, the science and culture of the Greek civilization waned before the fierce barbarism of Christianity. The schools of culture were closed one after another until only one remained in the great center—Alexandria. That school or academy was presided over by a woman, a daughter of Theron, the mathematician. Gifted intellectually; beautiful in person; eloquent in speech; irreproachable in character, the beautiful Hypatia drew to her lectures crowds of earnest seekers for truth, which rivalled the audiences of Archbishop Cyril. This was not to be tolerated. The devil must be defeated, and Christian piety must find a way of accomplishment. It did. As Hypatia was driving to her academy she was stopped by a crowd of Cyril's monks, dragged from her carriage into the nearest church, stripped of her clothing, outraged, killed with a club in the hands of Peter the Reader—the flesh scraped from her bones with oyster shells and thrown into the fire!!! Thus in the 414th year of our era Christianity struck down, in the person of a woman, the civilization and culture of more than a thousand years. The appreciation of the church was expressed in the canonization of the bloodstained actor—Cyril is a saint.

The third, or finishing blow was dealt by Justinian, when he banished the remaining philosophers from Athens. In a little less than 300 years from Constantine, the Christian church had destroyed the most brilliant civilization the world had ever known, and enthroned ignorance for a thousand-year reign of intellectual darkness. Pope Gregory the Great added the climax by proclaiming that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion."

It is impossible for language to describe the ignorance, poverty and misery of the people during that long night of Christian rule. Impossible to paint the savagery of men when perfectly dominated by the Christian spirit. Christianity may well talk of blood; it comes down the ages red and dripping with the blood of martyred innocence. The very breezes which fan the earth are heavy with the death wail of mortal agony. The uncounted victims of her more than demonic hate pray from the hills of the Summerland that her end may speedily come.

The final suppression of the philosophical schools by Justinian was almost coincident with the full organization of the papacy by Gregory the Great. And about the same time that Justinian dealt the final blow at Greek science and culture Mohammed was born. Behold the revenges of progress. Christianity aimed her deadly blow, and when she washed the blood of the murdered Hypatia from her consecrated aisles, fondly dreamed that no resurrecting power could raise its ghost to disturb her peace. But hardly had her Te Deums ceased resounding along her bloodstained corridors ere she was startled with the terrible cry, "God is God and Mohammed is his prophet." The Crescent was unfurled to the breeze, the Arab scimitar flashed in the sunlight and the cross went down. Damascus, Antioch, Jerusalem, Alexandria, with

numerous other cities, fell. Christ could not save his people. Soon Africa, the most of Spain and southern Italy shared the same fate. But the most fearful thing was the startling fact that science had arisen. Christianity had seized the blazing torch of science, hurled it to the ground, stamped upon it, and vaingloriously rejoiced in its fancied extinction. But Mohammedanism caught up the smoking brand, blew it into a brighter blaze than ever, waved it aloft, while her scimitar cleft the way for its permanent establishment in the world. While Christian Europe groped in densest ignorance and wallowed in the most disgusting superstitions, Mohammedan Asia, Africa and Southern Europe were resplendent with the light of science and philosophy and beautiful with the creations of art.

The Arabs taught geography by the use of globes. The youthful Columbus thus learned the true form of the earth, and America was discovered, the globe circumnavigated by Magellan, and the teachings of the Bible and Christianity of a flat earth with foundations and four corners was blown to the winds.

This brings us to another important era of Christian history. Columbus and Luther were substantially contemporaries. Luther commenced his opposition to Rome about 25 years after Columbus discovered San Domingo. The discovery of the new world opened up a new field for the display of the peculiar genius of Christianity. America was given to Spain to be Christianized in due form. The work was vigorously executed and well done. Mexico and Peru were inhabited by people far more civilized, moral and cultured than their Christian invaders. But in those countries, as well as in the West India islands, scores upon scores of millions were barbarously enslaved and butchered by these pious missionaries of Christianity. Their literature was remorselessly burned and their works of art destroyed, and the cross substituted for their gorgeous temples and shrines of worship. No language can describe the fiendish cruelty with which the inhabitants of America were slaughtered by their demonic conquerors under the banner of the cross. The settlement of the northern part of North America, which was effected mostly by Protestants, was not accompanied with such frightful cruelties. The more common practice was to buy the lands of the natives for a song, and fight and kill them afterwards. In both cases it was robbery. But it was Christian robbery, patterned after Bible example. In fact Jehovah, God of both Jew and Christian, has, from the earliest proclamation of his name to men, been the patron of robbers and murderers. His proud title is, "A Man of War," and one of the oldest books of his chosen people was "The Wars of Jehovah." According to the Christian's teachings he goes before their armies. The prayers of his priests are the prelude to slaughter, and Te Deums and thanksgivings are accorded him for victory.

But the period since Luther and Columbus has been the time of internal contest and division on a larger scale than ever before. And also of means of repression more devilish than had ever been practiced before. The spirit of the church as it was embodied in the Inquisition is well expressed in the Tragedy of Pizarro: "Death! death in the most lingering torments that burning vengeance can devise, and fainting life sustain." That expressed the role of Christianity towards its opponents. Still the work of sectarian division went on, still goes on, and, in the nature of things, must continue to go on till the last vestige of its superstition has been eliminated from

the mind of man. This last period, from Columbus to now, has been a steady march of conquering science against the superstitious miraculism of Christianity. And the last fifty years, by the introduction of a natural Spiritualism, has removed the last prop which upheld the waning power of the hoary idolatry of human ignorance.

(To Be Continued.)

DISCUSSING IT.

Socialism and communism are different degrees of the same thing; socialism the holding of some things in common, and communism in the extreme is the holding of all things in common. And, further, every organized society, political or otherwise, contains elements of socialism. I could point out a good deal of the social element in our government, but all will see it by thinking a little. Our postal system is perhaps as good an illustration as we have. So when one says, "I am a socialist," he means simply that he would like to put more of the practice of socialism into the conduct of our government. Generally such do not have a very definite idea of how far they would like to go. Some would, no doubt, feel like going much farther than others; and they are also divided on the phases of socialism they desire to introduce. The Henry George men have no thought or design beyond land, and they propose to go at that in an underhanded, indirect way. If I justified the end in view I certainly could not justify the method, for my whole nature calls for open directness in all political and economic measures. If the abolitionists had proposed to destroy slavery by appropriating all the earnings of the colored race the plan would have been analogous to that which he proposed for socializing land. But there are many who earnestly desire the extending of socialism in other directions who would bitterly oppose having it applied to land. It is evident that a good deal of educating will have to be done before much progress will be made in socialism; and it is also evident that the tendency is that way. I am decidedly with this tendency in spirit, and I desire to help conduct it along safe and truthful lines. I have not got it well settled in my own mind how far it will be profitable to go. It is well settled that we should feel our way along slowly and let experience tell us when to stop.

Communism might work for a select few; but I am sure it can not be made to work well as a universal thing in such a crude humanity as now exists. The editor of the Light of Truth invites criticism of his address of Jan. 29, and while I like much of it I believe there are some points open to criticism, and I accept the invitation. I do not read history as he does, and do not come to the same conclusion in comparing the past with the present. Perhaps I had better say a little in connection with myself.

I have lived sixty-seven years; was raised in New Hampshire; have resided in seven different states; was reared in poverty, my school privileges were small, and my work when a boy was very hard. I have always got my living by physical toil. I never held an office of profit, and never sought one. I am keenly interested in politics, but am not a partisan.

I study questions for myself, and having no party preference and no "axes to grind," I talk in the interest of measures that suit me and vote with the party and for the men that most nearly represent them. I have been an observer of men and events; I have read quite largely on various subjects, and if I have not learned something it is not because I have not

tried. But do not think from this that I regard myself as perfect either in knowledge or deportment.

All I ask is that I may have a hearing, and then I desire the readers to judge for themselves. I have an experience and memory for 50 years back, and I think I have good authority for the statements I make concerning times more remote. With the historic knowledge I have I make this broad statement: There has never been a time in the history of this country when a man working for wages could get so many of the comforts and luxuries of life with his earnings as during the last 25 years. If any one thinks he can refute this statement by statistics, let him try. And if this is the truth, why not frankly own it; why not acknowledge the blessings we have while struggling for something better still? At the same time I admit that millionaires and multi-millionaires have increased in a startling manner. There has been an enormous increase in wealth, and while the toilers have got some of this increase, the great bulk of it has slipped through their fingers, or they have never had any hold on it at all. Sharp speculators have made their pile. If I had had my way the wealth would have been more evenly distributed; and yet, while I am poor I feel no envy. So far, it is not very bad as it is, and I can see that when things become intolerable the people will take it into their own hands and make such changes as they deem wise.

I deprecate any intimation that there may be violence, for in such a country as ours there can be no excuse for it. A fraction of people with great wealth can never destroy our republican institutions, nor seriously harm them; neither do they wish to destroy them any more than the poor do. Love of our country inheres in the person, and not in his destitution or in his great wealth.

If our republican institutions fail it will not be because of a designing few, either poor or rich, but because the masses have become too rotten to maintain them. An Astor and a Gould have proved themselves as patriotic in our war with Spain as any among the poor. Vanderbilt showed his patriotism in the war of the rebellion. I was personally acquainted with a wealthy man in the town where I lived at the time of the rebellion, and he was a Democrat too, but not a copperhead, and he was the leading man in the place to encourage enlistments with his money as bounties, in assisting families whose husbands were at the front, and in giving to care for the sick and wounded soldiers. He was a cripple, and he said that was all that prevented him from being with them. Let us look at these examples and give honor to whom honor is due. Then let each ask himself if he thinks good fortune would have made him less honorable as a man, or less patriotic as a citizen. Just drop your envy: it is a quality you have no business with in any case, and look at the situation in a business way.

I said no great harm had come as yet from the great concentration of wealth. The nation has had its resources developed as they would not have been had it been equally diffused. We were not developed to the point of building our railroads, building our telegraph and telephone lines by government, and the masses would not have co-operated for that purpose; but a few, having great wealth that they did not see how they could use to better advantage, combined for these purposes, and other conveniences that we all enjoy. As rapacious as these corporations have been, the masses are better off every way than they would have been without them, and without

the civilized conveniences they have conferred. We would not do without them if we had to pay twice the toll they have exacted.

Then the corporations, great department stores, etc., are the best educators in socialistic lines that could possibly be presented. Vivid object lessons are a good deal more efficient than dry theories. The cloud has its silver lining, if we will only look for it. Let us examine this statement in the light of history. "When negro slavery was destroyed wage slavery was instituted. The placing of capital above labor, the control of labor by capital in the reduction of wages constituted the subtle craft which took the place of powder and ball." I have been a hard worker with my hands all my days, and have never felt any of this. I am a bricklayer and plasterer, and I can get four dollars per day now for my work easier than I could two at a time previous to the rebellion.

The ratio of rise in the wages of other mechanics has been about the same, and the same is true of common laborers. There is a great deal said about the cut of wages among the mill girls in the New England states, but the truth is, they get nearly or quite twice the wages now that they did formerly. I wish they got more than they do, but these are the historic facts.

Servant girls in families get twice as much for their service as they did then, yes more than twice as much.

It has not cost very much more for the necessities of life during the last quarter of a century than before. Meat butter and eggs have averaged a little higher, sugar and flour have averaged considerable lower. Rent has been some higher, because it has cost more for labor to build the houses. Clothing has been quite a bit cheaper. Because the laboring class have got higher wages they have indulged in more luxuries, and in this way it has cost them considerable more to live. Vast numbers that might save a good deal spend as fast as they earn, and when they are thrown out of work a short time they become objects of charity.

I must tell a story in this connection, an incident that occurred during the presidential campaign of 1896 on the streets of this city. One day I saw a stranger haranguing a knot of listeners, in the interest of Bryan and the free coinage of silver. He was dilating on the terrible straits that the laboring men find themselves in, all because of the crime of 1873, and said the country would soon be absolutely ruined if we did not arouse ourselves and ante-up on the white metal. I sized him up, and concluded he was old enough to know better than he was talking, so I questioned him. "Where were you raised?" "Pennsylvania." "Did you work for a living when you were a young man?" "I did." "What wages did you get?" "I—I—got a dollar a day when I worked at my trade." "And you want to go back to those good old time, do you?" At this stage of the talk he made tracks, and I never saw him afterwards. There has been a larger number out of employment in late years than before the rebellion, partly because of our greatly increased manufacturing interest, which has caused a larger per cent to work for wages, instead of working for themselves on farms, and manufacturing concerns have had periods of shutting down or not employing the full force; and partly because the fascination for city life leads many to drift there that there is no business demand for.

I do not know what can be done for that kind of foolishness. In this case it is the whole people who need to be cured, and not the times. I have seen lots of tramps, and I have taken pains to talk with them, and get their story

of how they happened to be getting their living in that way, and all I have talked with on the subject admitted that if they had been industrious and prudent when work was to be had, they could have been living in comfort. There are serious faults in the character and habits of the men; faults to be sure, that most of them manage to live with when times are flush, but which breaks out into an actual social disease at every business depression.

Take a look in the homes of the modern farmers and mechanics, the great middle class; the people who are steady, prudent and temperate, and compare their condition with the condition of the same class 40 years ago. My business has called me to their homes in a way that has given me good opportunities to observe. You will find that at the present time they have better houses to live in, and that they are a great deal better furnished. I have no idea I am overstating the situation when I say they have four times the value in furniture. The people, men and women and children, but more particularly the women and children, are better clothed. You find ten carrying the luxury of a watch to one formerly. You find twenty-five sewing machines and organs to one then. You find ten times the value of books in their homes, and you find five times as much news paper reading; and you will find they use twice as much sugar per capita, and have lots of table luxuries that they could not formerly afford. They also average to spend five times as much for car fare, etc., etc. But the improvement has not all been made since 1860. I noticed quite an improvement between 1850 and 1860, and history chronicles a great advance between 1790 and 1850. My father told me that my great grandfather said he had worked hard from sunrise till sunset, long days in the summer, for one peck of corn a day—money could not be had. I have a chest of drawers in the house that my wife's grandmother earned doing housework before she was married, at 50 cents per week. If it had been now her wages would not have been less than three and one-half dollars per week, or seven times as much, and the work would not have been harder. Now I come to a curiosity that I have never been quite able to solve. The howls and wails of reformers have increased in proportion as the times have grown better. It is all right to clamor for improvement, and point out the methods of having better times still; but I wish these well meaning people would manifest less bitterness towards the exceptionally successful, and would be more exact in their statements concerning the past and the present.

SAMUEL BLODGETT.

Governor Roosevelt tells at his own expense the story that when a small boy in an elocution class he tried to recite "Marco Bozzaris." He arrived safely at the passage:

The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece her knee—

Then he could get no farther. "Greece her knee—" he repeated; "Greece her knee—" "Well," interrupted the teacher, "Grease her knees once more. Theodore. Perhaps she'll go then."

This is how the editor of the Humboldt (Kan.) Herald recently announced his marriage: "Mr. F. A. McCarthy (that's us) and Miss Nannie Fisher (that's more of us) were united in marriage Wednesday, July 27, at 10 a. m. The ceremony was followed by a sumptuous repast, which we have only a faint recollection of. Some way, events seemed to crowd on each other then."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A MEDIUM ON MEDIUMS.

NECESSITY FOR PLATFORM MEDIUMSHIP.

A Timely and Pertinent Letter.

Editor Light of Truth: I read with a good deal of interest Mr. Theodore J. Mayer's article, "The Philosophy and Phenomena of Spiritualism," in the last issue of the Light of Truth, and must confess that I am in complete accord with him on the importance of "tests" and the other phenomena by which Spiritualism is distinguished from the teachings that appeal only to the feelings and emotions. The lecturer has his force—which, while useful, can not be compared with that of the medium through whom spirits manifest themselves in tangible form, visible to the eye, sensible to the touch, and above all, capable of proving their identity by conversing intelligently with friends on subjects near and dear to both, while standing in full view of scores of other people. It is a matter of surprise to me why so many of our friends both of the press and of the platform should be so hostile to the manifestation of spirit return through others than themselves. Do they think they alone are the chosen instruments of the world of spirits? Or are they needlessly jealous of gifts that are not identical or limited as their own? A number of physical mediums, myself included, have the gift of inspiration, clairaudience and clairvoyance, as well as the power to demonstrate scientifically that spirits can and do return clothed in matter so as to be visible and tangible to their mortal friends. True mediumship deals with all of nature's unseen forces and uses them unselfishly for the benefit of all. I believe physical phenomena to be the basis of spiritual philosophy. Without it what would the lecturer have to lecture about? And without it for what purpose would a spiritual literature or a spiritual press exist? Before we can think on a subject we must have a subject to think on, and I make bold to say that if there were no physical mediums there would be no lecturers, no spiritual papers to edit and no soul growth for the men and women who have wearied of the speculators who draw inspiration from the so-called revelations of the Bible and the depths of their own inner consciousness.

The test medium may have faults, who is without them? He may not be a highly educated individual in the general sense of the term; his grammar may not be faultless; his diction may not be ornate nor polished, but when he demonstrates beyond the possibility of a doubt that those who are supposed to be dead live, and that the grave does not hide the soul, his lingual shortcomings are overlooked and he brings consolation to the afflicted that no oratory can supply nor no fine-spun philosophy can equal. For myself, I love to listen to the splendid orations of minds such as frequently adorn our platforms. I love to hear the profound speculations of a Clegg Wright and the soul-lifting eloquence of a Mrs. Richmond, but with the utmost respect for them, as well as their numerous coadjutors, the thought will project itself, would they be able to convince their audiences of the truth of spirit return if there were no physical mediums to enforce their teachings by proving through the senses that man is an immortal entity, and that having acquired a conscious individuality through nat-

ural processes he is able to return and prove the truth of what our orators advance and our philosophers make clear only by speculation? The real is true, genuine. The ideal is mental, intellectual, conceived. Unhappily, until man becomes more transcendental than he is at present he will seek substance in preference to the shadow, and while enjoying the perfume he will also clamor to see the rose that has sent it forth. In these remarks it must not be understood for a moment that I am questioning the value that has been and is being rendered Spiritualism by the able men and women who lecture and write upon the subject. My contention is, however, that quite a number of them are at pains to laughingly put aside the services of the poor mediums who can do nothing better than practically prove that all they advocate by speech and pen can be verified by a little persistent investigation, and if searchers after spiritual truth would only pay more attention to our lecturers and read more carefully such papers as the Light of Truth they would come to the seance room prepared to intelligently understand what they find there, and not go away, as in many instances they do, crying fraud, bosh and humbug. He is a very stupid man who limits the phenomena of the universe to what he thinks he knows. Why, even in the material sciences we know very little. We know how certain laws operate on certain substances, but what those laws are and from whom and whence they emanated we know nothing. We can say with Plato, "That the human soul has the power of motion residing within itself, that therefore it neither comes into existence nor ceases to exist; that all spiritual essence is the same, including even Deity; that the soul has already known that which really is; and although it has lost the knowledge, it partially recovers it by recollection."

A beautiful thought! But how much more beautiful when realized through the instrumentality of a medium! We who can commune at will with the higher Intelligences care more for fact than fancy. We love to read speculations of philosophers, the fine-spun rhymes of poets, the rhapsodies of orators, but after all is not the plain Truth better than the vagaries of the philosopher, the simulations of the poet and the high-sounding phraseology of the swift-tongued moulder of sentences? Truth is simple, it is the Absolute; that which essentially is, and when the father recognizes the child he believed dead and the wife greets the husband she thought lost to her, mayhap forever, there is more comfort brought to both than all the books ever written can yield, and more happiness than could be extracted from all the philosophers from Plato to Herbert Spencer and all the scientists from Archimedes to those of our own time.

Spirit return is a divine fact; it is God speaking through Intelligence to His children of the earth; it has little need of any assistance from those who are not in perfect accord with it, for behind it is the power of the angels, and through them God will compel its ultimate acceptance by the people of the world. Yours sincerely,

MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS,
President School of Psychic Philosophy, 232 W. 46th St., New York.

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If any reader, suffering from rheumatism, will write to me, I will send them free of cost a trial package of a simple and harmless remedy which cured me and thousands of others. Among them cases of over 4 years standing. This is an honest remedy that you can test before you part with your money. Address: JOHN A. SMITH, 212 8th Ave. Bldg. Church Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

WITH THE BOOKS.

The author of Dutton's Illustrated Anatomy and several other works has in manuscript, to be published this month, a book of about 600 pp. octavo, the fruit of forty years' earnest and diligent search by the author for truth in Medicine, and will introduce to the world an entirely new system of medical practice. It explains Physics (natural science) and Metaphysics (mental and spiritual science) by a universal philosophy, called Ontology, which furnishes the key to all science and places a universal remedy for all forms of disease in the hands of every reader. It will contain the New Physiology as lately written by Dr. Dutton, and many new and startling truths that none can deny. The work, both to the profession and to the people, will be bound in cloth and gold, and sold at the price of five dollars (\$5) net, after it is published; but to all subscribers who send postal or express money order with name and address prior to May 1st, the book will be sent for three dollars and twenty-five cents (\$3.25) by mail, postpaid, as soon as published. We want to banish disease from the face of the earth. Address all orders to George Dutton, M. D., 52 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ills.

"When the Jackson Street Cable Stopped." By Wallace E. Nevill.

This is a neat and somewhat unique form of presenting varying views of men on social and industrial topics. The narrator is a conductor on one of the San Francisco street car lines, and during the stoppage of the cable he dreams that he overhears and takes part in a dialogue between his passengers, Mayor Phelan, Dr. Hemphill, Dr. Stebbins, Rev. Coombes, Hon. Taylor Rogers and Dr. Spaulding. Each of these persons, we take it, is a leading character in San Francisco, and their views pro and con upon the vital questions now absorbing thinking people make up a very interesting brochure. Many fine points are brought up and discussed, each disputant sticking to his "dominant idea," yet all conceding that something is radically wrong at the foundation of our social affairs, economics and government. The book may be had of the author, 2929 Sacramento street, San Francisco, Cal. Price 25 cents.

From Dreamland Sent—Verses of the Life to Come. By Lillian Whiting. New edition, with additional verses. 16mo. Cloth, extra, \$1. White and gold, \$1.25. Padded calf, gilt edges, \$3.50. Full crushed morocco, gilt edges, \$3.50.

This work, like all others of this gifted writer, breathes the purest and sweetest emotions that can emanate from the human soul. It is a choice gem set to the brightest and most lasting of thought-preservative, poetry. As a poet Miss Whiting has been somewhat criticised, but we confess to an inability in ferreting out hair-splitting faults in this work.

"Tea Pot Philosophy," by Walter L. Sinton. Published by the author, 45 Rush street, Chicago, Ill. Price 25 cents.

This work is composed of suggestions in rhyme growing out of an original poem accompanying a wedding present to the author's sister. It is a plea for practical religion, very interesting and timely.

"In Hell and the Way Out." Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Price 10 cents. Is a book of facts and suggestions for level-headed citizens who prize patriotism more than partyism.

Books, Pamphlets and Periodicals

received—"The Object of the Labor Movement," by Johann Jacoby. "What Socialism Means," by Sidney Webb, LL. B. "Uncle Sam in Business," by Daniel Bond. "Socialism," a reply to the Pope's encyclical, by Robert Blatchford (Nunquam). "The Talisman of Unity," a sermon by William Reed Huntington, D. D., Rector of Grace church, New York. "Universal Harmony," by Mrs. Stella Croman Bishop.

OBITUARY.

John Brown, "The medium of the Rockies," passed to spirit life from San Bernardino, Cal., April 20, 1899, aged 81 years. Funeral services conducted principally by the writer.—Ella Wilson Marchant.

Died, on Sunday, April 23, in the 83rd year of his life, John Stewart, from his home in Piqua, Ohio. Mr. Stewart was among the oldest residents of Piqua, having been born and living there all his life. He was a bachelor, a man of somewhat eccentric habits, but thoroughly respected and honored by all who ever knew him. He made few friends, but was true to them. He was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Maggie Stewart, the well known medium. His funeral was largely attended on the 25th ult., Willard J. Hull officiating. Burial in the family plot in the midst of beautiful trees on a high knoll on the old farm where he was born. Mr. Stewart had no religious affiliations as pertain to churches, etc., but he was a deeply devout man and much interested in Spiritualism.

April 18th, from her home in Willmantic, Conn., Mrs. Miranda E. Burnham, wife of George W. Burnham, aged 80 years and 5 months.

Mrs. Burnham was a noble woman in every sense of the word—as a wife, mother and neighbor. Her long life had been not only a happy one, but also a most useful one. Nearly 60 years she and her husband had lived together, and for 43 years they had held the thought of Spiritualism. She lived Spiritualism in her every-day life, its highest truths finding expression in her benevolent acts and kindly thoughts. Truly her life was a good, clean, pure and sweet one. And all who came within the magic circle of its influence were made better thereby. She leaves a brother, husband, two daughters, grandchildren and other relatives, besides a host of friends, to mourn their loss at her departure, but they needs must rejoice with her that she has reached the never-fading glories of the better life.

The funeral, a very large one, was held at her residence April 20th. The writer read appropriate selections from the Scriptures of the past and present, offered an invocation and made the address. Rev. Mr. Free also offered appropriate remarks, and a male quartet rendered several of our most beautiful spiritual songs. The floral decorations were many and very beautiful. The family have the consolation of the Spiritual philosophy and the sympathy of their many friends.—Geo. A. Fuller, M. D.

GRAPE-NUTS.

A New and Highly Nutritious Food.

The odd sounding name is used to designate a peculiar food, made not exactly in the shape of nuts, but having a pleasant, nutty flavor and crisp brittleness that makes them a charming favorite with the palate.

Of yet more value than the taste is the food value of Grape-Nuts. They are largely composed of Grape-Sugar, (your dictionary can tell you all about that) and those who use them will find the morning meal has not only been pleasant, but has been quickly and easily digested; for grape-sugar is an article produced in the human body at one stage of the digestion of food, and is at once ready for transformation into good healthy blood and nourishment.

It should not be understood that the grape-sugar, from which Grape-Nuts is made, has been produced in the human body. But this grape-sugar is made by much the same process as the body employs, and is produced by natural treatment of grains without any foreign substance whatever. It is made by the Postum Co., at Battle Creek, Mich. The result is perhaps the most highly nutritious food ever produced.

Grocers sell Grape-Nuts.—Adv.

APPARITIONAL MATERIALIZATION IN DUBUQUE, IA.

Editor Light of Truth: I send you a clipping from the Dubuque Daily Times that is of interest, not from its subject matter, to Spiritualists particularly, but because a common, everyday newspaper has come to the point of printing the facts. And still more so, perhaps, because of the class of readers of this paper. We of this burg have little faith in any spirits, except such as we carry in flat bottles with a screw top.

The Rev. G. F. Perkins and wife are doing good work here now, but the ground is pretty stoney and the Lord only knows what kind of a harvest can be garnered. We are famous for cathedrals and our brewery, and little else.

J. Q. C.

The strange spectacle of a man without a head is the apparition that people who live near Dubuque's "Red Bridge" claim they see on nights when all is still.

There are many who will swear that time and again they have beheld the strange spectacle, and they speak of it in hushed voices and low tones.

The ghost of the headless man walks the night. It does not tread on earth, but in space, and it never moves beyond the south end of the "red bridge" that spans Catfish creek, where it empties its volume into the great Father of Waters. The Catfish creek skirts Dubuque's hill.

The "red bridge" is known to all Dubuquers, for more than once has it been the pivotal point of a gruesome story. Just below the bridge the strong current of the Mississippi sweeps into the shore and deposits refuse there. Many a time have fishermen dragged to the shore the dead bodies of men, who met their end in the vicinity of Dubuque.

It was a fisherman who told the story of the headless ghost to a Sunday Times reporter. His narrative is reproduced with as much faithfulness as 'tis possible to give it:

"I ain't superstitious," said he, "if superstition is believing every banshee story you hear. But if it's believing what you see in the shape of ghosts, then I'm that way, and I think more'd be like me if they see what I saw. One night when the moon was hid I was pulling in my nets in the creek when I looked up and saw the ghost. It scared me nearly to death, but I didn't run away, even though I did drop my net and lose a good haul. Just near to the south end of the bridge I saw the ghost, and it was the ghost of a man. There wasn't any head on it and it was clad in white. The neck was red, like blood, and the right arm was bent akimbo as though it had something under it. Pretty soon the ghost began to walk. It got as far as the bridge and then it fell backward. I'm not telling any lie when I say that it dropped something from under its arm, and that something was a man's head. When I saw that I did start to run away, but I says to myself that it couldn't harm me, and I went back and watched it.

"Pretty soon it got up off the ground and walked in the air again, the same as before, carrying the head under its arm. It seemed to me as I looked at the ghost that I could hear a train rolling by, but there wasn't any.

"I'm not the only one that has seen it, and there are a whole lot of others that have looked at the 'red bridge ghost' if they'd only admit it. I don't know why it's there, and neither does any one, I guess. But it is there, and there's no disputing it. If you don't believe me, go down some night and look for yourself. It'll not be long before you're convinced."

There is foundation in fact for the

story. There are many men employed on trains who have met death at night while riding on the trains by being struck with a bridge. An invention was made which resulted in saving the lives of many. Hangers were strung on either side of the bridges. They are of rope and hang loose as the end of a portiere. They strike with gentle force the brakeman and warn him of the nearness of a bridge. Thus he is enabled to stoop low and escape striking the bridge.

It was before this invention was made that the railroad man was killed. He was riding on top of a train approaching the bridge from the south. He was struck with great force and his head cut off.

A VISIT TO CHARLES C. MOORE.

A party of nearly thirty persons drawn from liberal thought circles of this city visited last Sunday the veteran editor, C. C. Moore, now incarcerated in the Ohio penitentiary on a trumped up charge of advocating "free love" in his paper, the Blue Grass Blade. Mr. Moore is a white-haired patriarch, and takes his misfortune with commendable equanimity. A grand characteristic of his nature broke out when he declared with swimming eyes that he forgave his enemies and detractors. The meeting and conference were deeply interesting, Warden Coffin very kindly granting Mr. Moore special privileges on this occasion, and which were thoroughly appreciated.

It is, indeed, a startling commentary on the boasted rights of citizens and of a free press and free thought, when a man of Mr. Moore's abilities and his known hatred of all forms of oppression, his love and fidelity to what he feels to be the truth, is yanked up like a fish by the gills and imprisoned for writing his honest thoughts, and be it remembered that nothing he wrote inveighed against the equal rights of others. So far as "free love" is concerned he is as much opposed to it as the most exemplary Christian that ever was imprisoned for bigamy or polygamy—and he has lived with a good wife fifty years who now declares she is proud of a convict husband such as C. C. Moore.

But the Kentucky colonels and deacons were too much for Mr. Moore. However, he is in better company in the Ohio penitentiary than he ever was at large in Kentucky. He has seen and felt more genuine humanity there in the brief time he has been an inmate than he had seen for fifty years in the air of freedom. So he says himself. Besides this he is the last of a long line of illustrious men who have suffered for principle. In his philosophical ruminations he can call up Socrates, Paul, Jesus, Galileo, Bruno, Huss, Joan D'Arc, Paine, Ridley, Latimer, and in our day Bennett, Harmon, Heywood and Berrier, every one of them the victims of the haters of liberal thought. Mr. Moore was deeply moved by the visitation of his friends, nearly all of the party being Spiritualists. The management of the visit was in the hands of Mr. Montgomery of Shepard's Station. Since his imprisonment Mr. Moore has written a book, "Behind Prison Bars," which will soon be issued. Besides this work he has charge of the prison newspaper—and he writes for his own and some of the eastern papers. He is loud in his praises of the treatment accorded him and speaks highly of Warden Coffin and his management.

An effort is being made to procure a new trial for Mr. Moore.

YOU want a trial subscription and a good luck finger ring. Send a quarter and get both.

THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

By James G. Clark.

The ocean divided, the land struggled through,
And a newly born continent burst into view;
Like furrows upturned by the ploughshare of God,
The mountain chain rose where the billows had trod;
And their towering summits, in mighty array,
Turned their terrible brows to the glare of the day,
Like sentinels guarding the gateway of Time,
Lest the contact with mortals should stain it with crime.

The ocean was vanquished, the new world was born;
Its headlands flung back the bold challenge of morn;
The sun from the trembling sea marshaled the mist
Till the hills by the soul of the ocean were kissed;
And the Winter-king reached from his cloud-castled height
To hang on each brow the first garland of white;
For the crystals came forth at the touch of his wand
And the soul of the sea ruled again on the land.

Then arose the loud moan of the desolate tide,
As it called back its own from the far mountain side;
"O soul of my soul! by the sun led astray,
Return to the heart that would hold thee alway;
The sun and the silver moon woo me in vain,
By day and by night I am sobbing with pain;
Oh, loved of my bosom! Oh, child of the Free,
Come back to the lips that are waiting for thee!"

But a sound, like all melodies mingled in one,
Came down through the spaces that cradled the sun,
Like music from far-distant planets it fell,
Till earth, air, and ocean were hushed in the spell:
"Be silent, ye waters, and cease your alarm,
All motion is only the pulse of my arm;
In my breath the vast systems unerringly swing,
And mine is the chorus the morning stars sing.

"'Twas mine to create them, 'tis mine to command
The land to the ocean, the sea to the land;
All, all are my creatures, and they who would give
True worship to me for each other must live.
Lo! I leave on the mountain a sign that shall be
A type of the union of land and sea—
An emblem of anguish that comes before bliss,
For they who would conquer must conquer by this."

The roar of the earthquake in answer was heard,
The land from its solid foundation was stirred,
The breaths of the mountain was rent by the shock,
And a cross was revealed on the heart of the rock;
One hand pointing south, where the tropic gales blow,
And one to the kingdom of winter and snow,
While its face turned to welcome the dawn from afar,
Ere Jordan had rolled under Bethlehem's star.

The harp of the elements over it swung,
In the wild chimes of Nature its advent was rung,
Around it the hair of the Winter-king curled,
Against it in fury his lances were hurled,
And the pulse of the hurricane beat in its face
Till the snows were locked deep in its mighty embrace,
And its arms were outstretched on the mountain's cold breast,
As spotless and white as the robes of the blest.

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The LIGHT OF TRUTH, acknowledged by the advanced thinkers of the land to be the best Spiritualist paper in the world, together with this list of books ALL for ONE DOLLAR.

REMARKABLE

Psychical Investigations of Mr. Henry Upsall.

About the beginning of April some correspondence passed between the editor of the Light of Truth and Mr. Henry Upsall of Watseka, Ills., touching some remarkable chirography, specimens of which that gentleman inclosed. Finally the question of deciphering the strange writing was asked Mr. Upsall, and his reply, together with other matters concerning his unique mediumship, are herewith appended:

Watseka, Ills., April 7, 1899.

Editor Light of Truth—Yours of 5th inst. received and noted. You ask if I can decipher like specimens sent. Yes, but I am not courting publicity; I am not developed as yet for a public medium, and perhaps never will be, as I am now in my 69th year. I first got a public test here in a lecture hall about the last of April, 1896, from a lecturer by the name of Peters. In a week or two after I went to the Bangs sisters, and there a spirit intelligence wrote on the slates that she expected to give me her earth and spirit life experiences, and she gave me her name as Florence.

I did not visit the Bangs sisters any more, but sought another slate-writing medium, Mrs. Gillette. This same Florence was there and commenced to write her earth life history, which proved to be Martin Luther's daughter. She kept it up until it made 193 pages as close written manuscript as this, but a trifle larger sheets. The first 40 pages were written on slates, the balance on paper between the slates. When her earth life was finished she promised to give me the sequel, or spirit life, by my own medial powers alone, but she has not done so yet; so I am anxiously awaiting the results of that development.

Last Christmas she wrote me an acrostic of 36 lines; then I wrote a reply in poetry, but I don't know how, as I am no poet. I placed it between the slates, and she replied again in poetry, which makes it a veritable dialogue of poetry between spirit and mortal. She claims to be my soul mate, whatever that is. The history given is grand; describes the persecution of her father, Martin Luther, and Philip Melancthon, and that they had materialization in their own home and that they tried to weld it in with the papal and ecclesiastical churches, and that all of Martin Luther's and Philip Melancthon's last writings were destroyed by the clergy. See Encyclopedia Britannica, vol. xv, page 843, where it says the later years of Melancthon were much occupied with acrid controversies within the evangelical church. An account of these would be out of place here. That proves her narrative some what.

I inclose a few of the last pages of the narrative, together with a message or two and a copy of the acrostic, poetry in dialogue. In all it makes 66 lines, 36 being in the acrostic. The following is the acrostic received between slates on Christmas, 1898:

FLORENCE'S CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
TO DEAR HENRY.

Flowers and faeries and visions sublime,
Lakes and rivulets and beauteous scenes,
Ornaments, modern and of ancient times,
Rubies, pearls and emeralds green—
Everything beautiful, elaborate and quaint
Near earth or far above,
Can compare but very faint
Even with a single ray of love?
Christmas bells and Christmas songs,
Hearts of many you fill with gladness,
Ring merrily, cheerily, ring on, ring on,
Inspire each heart and conquer sadness,
Sing a song of wisdom, truth and facts,
Tell all the mortals their true mission,
Make known the good of kindly acts
And say adieu to superstition;

Sing to the angels in thought and word,
Give credit to whom credit belongs,
Raise your voices that they be heard
Emphasizing your Christmas songs.
Entreat and implore your fellow man
To teach the fallen new heart to take;
Insist that right is right in deed,
Not in pretense or for Christ's sake;
Give alms to the poor, instead of praise
To a God; kind words to those in sorrow;
Offer assistance to mortals of your day,
Do honor to God tomorrow.
Enemies of truth will meet defeat,
And truth will hold full sway.
Reason and logic will be replete
Hereafter, if not in your day.
Entreat your fellows to will to know
New facts, truths sublime, and
Reap from the harvest as you sow,
Yearly products either worthless or grand?

FLORENCE.

Now what shall I to Florence Luther write,
Or of the author, what shall I indite?
Come all ye angels, assist this pen of mine,
Come all ye sisters, come ye Muses nine.
Lend me your help, and let all men know,
If they in the mysteries desire to grow,
Here they the treasures of the earth may
find—
The natural hidden causes to their mind;
And that the spirit worketh not prepos-
terously.

As some men strangely have maintained;
but by
Order and Nature they bring all to pass,
Which we may clearly see as in a glass,
And when I shall be taken from this place
Let me be placed amongst the angels, to
grace
Those heavenly spirits; those lamps of
light,
For they have made them glorious in my
sight.
Now all ye honest thinkers come and see
What the angel world is trying to do with
me.

HENRY UPSALL.

Watseka, Ills.

I placed the above between the slates and received the following:

O Henry, my Henry, thy prayer is heard,
Content to thy heart shall come;
As I read thy sweet letter each loving
word
Tells of thy sweet welcome home.
The sorrowing heart from pain shall be
free,
The smiles of our God shall fall,
Contentment ever shall dwell with thee—
God's love is over us all.
Yes, Henry, my Henry, the love of my
heart,
Is given to thee beyond time,
We happy shall meet, then never to part,
Thou Henry art mine, I am thine.
FLORENCE LUTHER.

I will say, however, I was a kind of a pupil of R. J. Morrison by correspondence. I had made arrangements to call on him when I went to England to see my parents in 1874, but when I

The following are specimens of the writing referred to, together with their respective decipherments as given by Mr. Upsall:

[illegible]

My Dear Medium:

Rejoicing, I again address thee. Pleased am I that the words of my people are plain to thee; that thou canst read them as I read thine pleased me. Thy world progresses; thou art growing in the higher power. I write in the characters I used when on the earth plane. None shall come to thee in this manner of thy hand but thy true and loving guide.

MOORISH PRINCESS HILLAH.

۱- در این کتاب که در این کتاب
 ۲- در این کتاب که در این کتاب
 ۳- در این کتاب که در این کتاب
 ۴- در این کتاب که در این کتاب
 ۵- در این کتاب که در این کتاب
 ۶- در این کتاب که در این کتاب
 ۷- در این کتاب که در این کتاب
 ۸- در این کتاب که در این کتاب
 ۹- در این کتاب که در این کتاب
 ۱۰- در این کتاب که در این کتاب

Zealous in all things be that leadeth thee	Know for these purposes I bring thee here,
to right,	I therefore give, O frirend and brother
And ever seeking for the higher, better	dear,
light,	Eternal truths, that we may through thee
Draw thus unto thyself both power and	prove,
might;	Love is eternal, for the eternal God is love.

Deciphered, it is an acrostic (Zadkiel). He was the first to show me the light. He came and showed us name; platform test. R. J. Morrison, Astrologer, with a nom de plume "Zadkiel"; passed out in 1874 in London.

H. U.

got there he had passed out. He was editor of the Zadkiel Almanac and author of several works on astronomy and astrology, the New Principia, etc. Pearce is the author now and still uses the nom de plume "Zadkiel."

HENRY UPSALL.



The above is a portrait taken from a photograph, of which Mr. Upsall says: "This is said to represent Florence Luther, photographed from a life-size portrait she gave me, made through the Bangs sisters; 24x27 canvas."

ON THE CHOPIN NOCTURNE IN F
MINOR.

A Life Song of the Heavenly Bird
Heart, Pierced With Love and
Compassion.

As the Christ is ever being crucified among men, so is the Bird of God, his constant attendant, from the Jordan to the Cross.

"And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care,
At the ruthless nail of iron,
A little bird is striving there.

“Stained with blood and never
tiring,

With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 'twould free the
Savior,
Its Creator's son release."

In groves of pine she broodeth, and
singeth tenderly, "rings Eden through
the budded quicks," a strain of love
and trust ascending to the throne of
God.

Anon, beating on the bars of destiny
and glancing the whole gamut of the
inner life; again dying down to love
and peace.

There comes a glimpse of that bright world where man was born, a sacred pause, a hush, "Ye men of Galilee why stand ye gazing into heaven?"

Love's soul, blest beyond all blessing, hath sung herself into "lands the saints inherit," and departing cast behind her lights of the northern sky.

A few stray chords reconcile the seen with the unseen, and bring us back to the clamorous unreality of the God of this world.

FLORENCE M'GRAUGH.

The Light of Truth comes to our desk much improved of late, with better paper and ink. We are glad to note this indication of prosperity. The editorial work by Bro. W. J. Hull is excellent, and it deserves a full measure of prosperity. — Religio-Philosophical Journal.

* CUT THIS OUT

* and send with it \$2.00 and we *
* will send you Light of Truth *
* and The Coming Age for a *
* year. *

Bachelor Ratiocinate and Widow Dot Intuite.

BY LISLE E. SAXTON.

CHAPTER IV—(Continued).

We can not prepare a meal, or make a garment, but there is something used, something rejected. We may consider the thought plane, and find this true there, also; then it seems to me we must practice discrimination in respect to the state contiguous and beyond, called spirit. Do you think we will cease to exercise these powers of mind we have so arduously cultivated here, when we become spirits, or come in contact with things spiritual? We do not know how much surroundings, spiritual and material, may affect the communications given through mediums, and many that we call willful falsifications may be reflections from these, and follow as exaggerated shadows of an object sensed under peculiar circumstances. The most beautiful sky picture may be duplicated in a clear, placid lake, but disturb or reverse the state of the water, and how changed the results. So if the aura that surrounds a medium is manipulated, or disturbed by spirit, thought or material agency, whatever enters, or is reflected in it, is effected characteristic of the change. It may be permitted at times by the guides, for educational results. But because some one is deceived by unreliable men, should we refuse to believe any one, and consider all association with people unsafe, when we know there are truthful persons? Yet that is what such objections signify."

"It does look that way, Mrs. Intuite; but do you Spiritualists believe in moral responsibility?"

"Free will agency, do you mean, Mr. Leyton?"

"Yes, that is the base."

"As much, or more, than you church folks do; for you believe of yourselves you can do nothing, while I, one Spiritualist (and I offer nothing as the belief of any one but myself), think some of humanity, anyway, have a small circle in which we can operate, and which widens continually, though, perhaps, under sufferance."

"Please explain your meaning."

"I will try. Wise parents have a small child, and permit it latitude of action according to its comprehension, yet, after all, under sufferance; for at any time that its inclination or plan of conduct is considered by them detrimental to its own or others' good, present or future, its free action is interfered with, as outward expression."

"If it does not comprehend the purpose it may rebel; some time in ripened understanding, to thank them for the intervention. We are but children and the wisest are yet conning the a b c. I believe we are all under charge of guardian angels, and a parent may as consistently hold a two-year-old child responsible in all respects as for a God, or guardian, to hold even the wisest responsible. For the breach between a parent and child's comprehension of wise conduct is not to be compared with that of God, or guardians, and humanity. Many times one comprehends the better way, but much effort and many failures attend before it can be practiced, because environments, or strong influences that almost compel into opposite lines, of action; and not until we are wise in all respects on this planet can we be free moral agents

here. Then in respect to planes in advance, we are such no more than we were here. We are children at school; and we are promoted when prepared. But it matters not how slow our progress here, none can be excluded from the next course when ready for it, and all will be some time; neither can any be banished from the presence of Infinite Love, because that is everywhere. In something such a

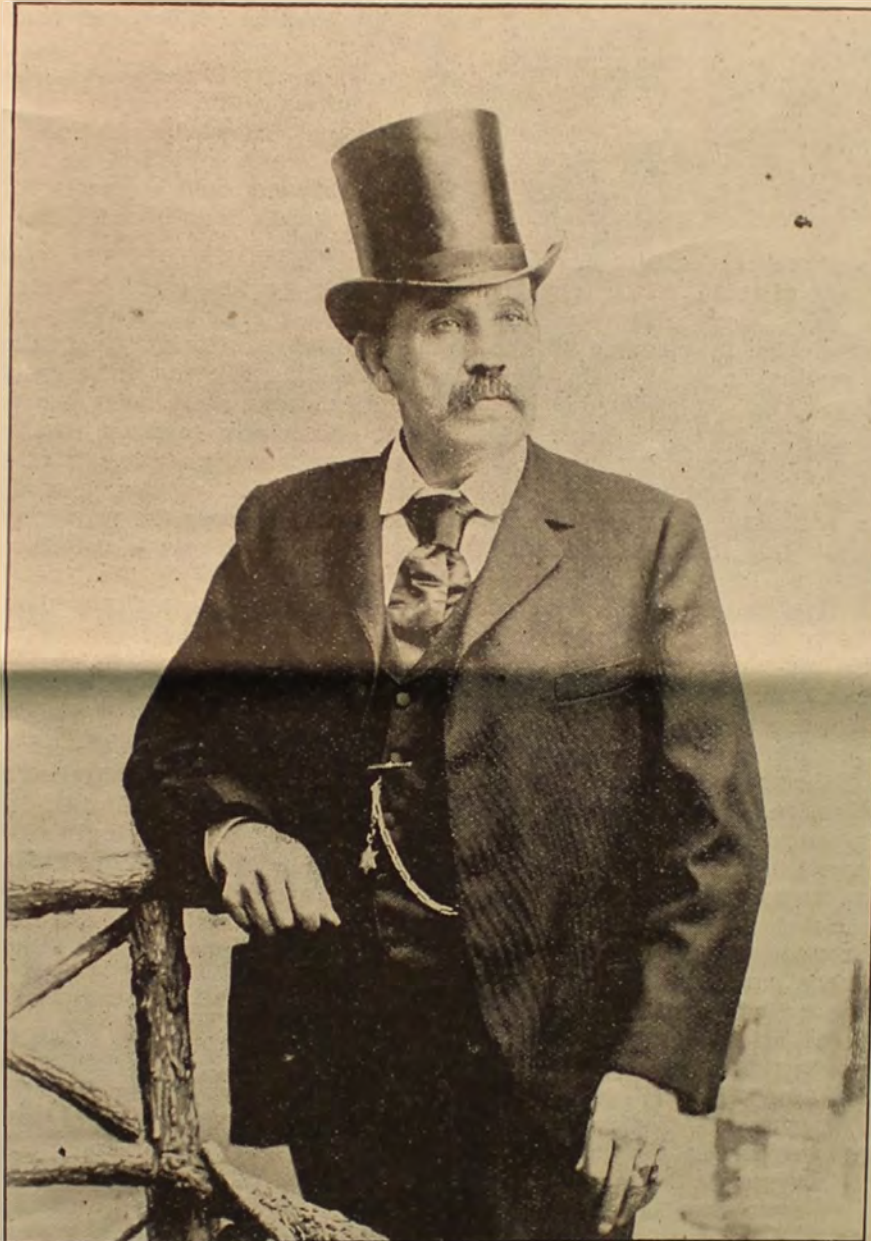
compared with that on the perpendicular below. How much this I-sphere is influenced by a guiding power from the beyond we may not now determine; how much this power may interpose when inclinations would clash with the soul needs we do not know. Natural law, all law, is only method, through which intelligence manifests. Love is attraction. Wisdom its varying manifestations through a central, more individualized ego, or soul part, as expression; either as form—body—or execution through the same. Do you comprehend my meaning?"

"Quite clearly, and I intend, for one, to deliberate the subject in the solitude of my library."

"How do you know, Dot, that you have spiritual environments?"

"How do you know, Rate, that you have material ones?"

"Through the medium of the senses."



HENRY UPSALL.

sense I estimate individual responsibility. We as mortals have our sphere of expression of experiences, defaced by development, and apparent in material and spiritual environments. These determine our present course, our destiny, the fulfillment of our soul needs, and with evolution of the ego these improve; or as a personality this sphere is attracting from without, but ever in accord with the state of these, and they are improving continually, whether cognized or not through present expression. The Tower of Babel is a good illustration of development. We ascend to angelic heights by a spiral way. The lowest point where we commence the ascent we will call the material, or sense plane; the opposite, or highest, the spiritual or psychic, and as we go around again in the circle of ascent to the sense, we descend; but each time we are higher than when we were there before. The proportion of the increased height in each is the same, and to estimate accurately, each point must be

"Precisely the same way do I know of the spiritual."

"But why don't I know then of them also?"

"Why is not a blind mute conscious of material environments as you are?"

"Because he is hindered by his physical condition."

"You are hindered from sensing spiritual surroundings and environments by your spiritual state; not always because you do not sense, but you do not know how to interpret sensations. If you hear music, when you see no indications of it in your material surroundings, instead of knowing you hear it through the spiritual sense, on that plane, you consult an M. D. for fear your ear drums are deranged. If you see in the same way, then your vision is askew; and if you feel the touch of a vanished hand, then you are in a worse pickle, and fear you are losing your senses; when the truth is, you are increasing the range of comprehension through their extension. You can smell delicate

odors, or a stink; taste delicious flavors or bitterness intensified. We sense life on the next plane of consciousness, as here, according to our own evolution and surroundings—the latter an effect of the former. Grace and I have proved this, and if you and Mr. Leyton will study psychometry and cultivate your powers in that connection, you will be assisted wonderfully to a clearer understanding of all things, and especially of yourselves!"

"We will need instruction. Will you and Grace assume the responsibility of initiating us into its mysteries?"

"We do not find it mysterious, but dependent upon law, which must be noted closely for best results. Grace is more experienced as a teacher than I am, so may be glad to assume that role in your connection."

"I will be pleased to give you my method, and such experiences and hints as will assist to a clearer understanding and more successful practice. Dot also will prove a prolific source of help. Your first attempt may be surprisingly correct, and then you may need to practice patiently for some time before you receive even a small measure of success. It depends upon the adaptability of your aura and your powers of mind concentration to the end—perfect receptivity."

"Please proceed, for I am anxious to test it!"

(To Be Continued.)

BUYING FOR CASH.

The advantages of the cash buying principle are much more highly appreciated than formerly. Present indications point to the fact that at no very distant date the long drawn out interest bearing account will be a thing of the past. Cash buying is a business short cut, it is the little path that leads across the fields. It saves business distance.

Not only that, it is a money making principle. Buying for cash saves interest; interest—money—saved is money earned. Cash selling and buying has gradually led up to another method of conducting business, which is to sell direct from the the manufactory to the consumer. This system possesses so many advantages that we can not stop to enumerate them here. It is really the carrying out of the cash buying plan upon an extended and enlarged form.

Goods are sent upon receipt of cash or are shipped C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Take for instance the Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co., of Elkhart, Indiana. They sell everything they make direct from the factory to the consumer. Their terms are either cash with order or C. O. D., with fullest privilege of examination, and their experience is that the cash buying principle is growing upon the people. By far the greatest percentage of their orders contain cash remittance. This is very complimentary to the Elkhart people and their fair business methods. They are undoubtedly the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world selling direct to the consumer.—Adv.

\$100.00 A MONTH AND EXPENSES THIS SUMMER.

Trustworthy men and women who are honest and industrious should write and engage with The World Mfg. Co., 495 World Bldg., a reliable firm and one of the largest concerns in Cincinnati, Ohio, who offer splendid inducements to sell their Quaker Bath Cabinet and appoint good agents in unoccupied territory. Experience not necessary, for the firm furnish everything and teach you the business.

This is a splendid chance to make money and the books of this company prove that they paid their agents for last month's work \$46,834.00.

The demand for this remarkable Cabinet is something enormous, as there are millions of families all over this country who have no bathing facilities. Those who have bath tubs have discarded them since the invention of this Cabinet, for it is so much superior in every way, as it opens the millions of pores all over the body, steams out the poisons that cause disease, and gives the most cleansing, refreshing, invigorating Turkish, hot air, and hot vapor baths at home for three cents each. It is the best blood cleanser and system purifier known, far superior to poisonous drugs, sarsaparillas, tonics, etc. It is a regular hot springs at your home, and not only cures the most obstinate diseases but also kills the germs, eradicates them from the system and prevents disease. A good position is offered those who mention this paper and write them at once, giving age, references and experience.—Adv.

Light of Truth

IS ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY BY
The Light of Truth Publishing Co
305 & 307 North Front St., Columbus, Ohio.

WILLARD J. HULL, - - - EDITOR.

VOL. XXIV, MAY 6, 1919. NO. 18.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year\$1.00
Club of ten (a copy to the one getting
up the club) 7.50
Single copies05
England or Europe 1.52
India or Australia 2.04
Obituary notices of five lines inserted
free; 10 cts per line over that number.

Advertising Department. - Morrison &
Sommerman, New York City, 500 Temple
Court; Chicago, Boyce Building.

The Light of Truth can be found on sale
at the following news dealers: Boston,
Banner of Light; New York City, Brentano
Bros., 31 Union Square, and F. P. Evans,
103 W. Forty-second street; Cincinnati,
The Cincinnati News Co., 127-9 Shillito
Place; Chicago, Chas. McDonald & Co., 55
Washington street.

(Entered at the Postoffice at Columbus, O.,
as Second-Class Matter.)

Civilization is a push, Salvation
an uplift. The larger life to come is
being born of the travail of today.

Comfortable and respectable selfish-
ness is working the debasement and
thralldom of more souls than all other
causes combined.

"Spiritualism bears a hard name."
A little observation will disclose the
fact that all other innovations upon
the established are distinguished by
the same thing.

Without mediumship there is no
Spiritualism worth the name. The
medium is the pivot around which the
whole procession of philosophers re-
volves, for without him they are noth-
ing. The foundation of Spiritualism
is sensuous phenomena. Ideals and
faith must be here brought for con-
firmation.

THE MASTER CHORD OF THE SOUL'S SYMPHONY.

Unquestionably the boldest of all
propositions that can be laid before
and engage the attention of mankind
is that the dead live and do under cer-
tain conditions communicate to the
living. Even after a half century of
inquiry, resulting in the conviction by
the fact of millions of persons, the
tremendous significance of it is quite
as appalling and fraught with as grave
sequences today as it ever was.

And yet to this proposition the
Light of Truth is committed, and not
alone that, but to all the consequences
growing out of it. To the average
mind the thought of death carries
with it, if not a dim and unsubstan-
tial hypothesis of futurity, a plain
cessation and annihilation of all that
distinguishes man from his surround-
ings. The man is dead. He has
ceased to be. He has rounded out his
fitful life span with perpetual sleep.
Added to this is the growth of the
materialism fostered by it. Like a
veritable and inaccessible wall in the
path of the tired traveler, the nega-
tions of agnosticism and the pitiless
fulmination of a bald materialism
make up an apparently impenetrable
curtain that hangs between the phe-
nomenon of death and the life be-
yond.

Thus when we declare that the dead
are capacitated to stand forth in the
garb they once wore and by various
means challenge the sophistries of this
earth-grubbing philosophy, proving by
every evidence necessary to convince

mortals of the commonest occurrences
of life, the great and beautiful truth
of immortality, we occupy a unique
position and one well calculated to try
the best resources of men.

Happily the prejudice once encoun-
tered has wasted away, and while
Spiritualism in its phenomenal sense
is startlingly novel to the novitiate,
society at large is more loth to inquire
concerning it than to run away from it.
Asked if we feel that we know Spiritu-
alism to be true, that man lives on after
the forces of physical dissolution have
played their part, what should be our
answer? We know it as well as we
know any phenomenon that impinges
on the mind through processes of ob-
servation and reason. What do we
know about anything of itself apart
from the impression it makes on the
mind? We now speak of objective
phenomena, that which the physical
senses cognize. It is to these senses
that the exteriorization of spirit power
is directed when proofs of the spirit life
are set forth. The higher intuitional
perceptions which grasp the soul of
things without the process of ratiocin-
ation we lay aside for the nonce, for
we are bringing the phenomena of
Spiritualism before the objective
senses and telling you that they are
susceptible of verification by those
senses.

This narrows the subject down to
the bed rock of it all, which is medi-
umship. Like everything else by
which knowledge is conveyed to the
mind, a medium is requisite in ordi-
nary phenomenal Spiritualism. We
are dealing with laws and forces dif-
ferent from those governing the plane
we occupy. The medium stands be-
tween us and those laws and forces,
and through this form of universal
mediumship we learn that the dead—
so-called, live, and that the plane of
their activity is governed by laws as
immutable as those which governed
them while here.

This is the simple but tremendous
proposition which for fifty years has
staggered the thought forces of west-
ern civilization. To it the sages, sa-
vants, prelates and rulers of the
world, together with millions of peo-
ple, have turned their attention, and
by far the major portion of them have
become convinced of its truth.

Of all the consolations, of all the
recompenses that could be craved to
assuage the grief and heartache of
this lower world, this is the grandest,
the most beneficent. It has grown
dimples upon seared cheeks and ban-
ished carking care to the shadows of
life. Spirit return is the master chord
of life's symphony, which, when
touched, as it is by this consolation,
thrills the soul as nothing else can.
All else is of momentary importance
compared with the solution of the
enigma of death. The man of power
must lie low sooner or later. The joys
and sorrows of this life are not alone
for him. Unnumbered millions have
come and gone before he came. They
saw what he sees, enjoyed what he
enjoys, suffered what he suffers. Mil-
lions will follow him and go through
the same experience. What, then, is
the main question? As he stands like
an interrogation point between two
eternities, how ought he to question
destiny? The parenthesis he occupies
is so small that when he comes to the
end of it, how utterly little is he!
And the soul arises at such a moment,
and with the Psalmist of old who
stood right here, exclaims, "What art
man that thou art mindful of him?"
It is only in the hush and glory of the
spirit, unperturbed by doubt and vex-
ation, that the good God is seen in the
manifold provisions by which He en-
compasses and brings home at last
the immortal soul.

Merry May.

"THE KINGDOM OF GOD COMETH NOT BY OBSERVATION."

Man may have an intellectual con-
ception of God, but he can never
know God through purely intellectual
processes of thinking. Likewise a
conception of truth may accompany
an intellectual process, but the love
of truth is not based on intellect.
Man knows God in the ratio that he
loves. Love is the crown of the intel-
lectual faculties and is the fulfillment
of the law of evolution. If we would
know the Father we must learn to
love. Pure spirit is the realm of love,
the dome, in fact, around which re-
volves, as upon a pivot, the mechan-
ism of the universe. In the hurry and
push of the world we forget to love,
and if we but remembered, we have
not the time for it. With this thought
in mind the inspired Kipling wrote
his masterpiece,

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

It is out from the murk and mire
of self-adulation, pride and ambi-
tion that the soul must rise, like the
lily which finally blooms triumphant,
yet lowly, upon the surface of the
pond, to the knowledge of God, the
larger love, which loves self last; that
love which, as Arnold expresses it, is
the "diet angels feed upon."

The man on the peak alone sees
what is below him in the valleys and
on the hilltops. The Spiritual Hima-
layas are accessible to the hardy pio-
neer. Somebody must make the text
books. Somebody there is in every
community who gets away from his
environment. He creates new sur-
roundings and clears the way for fu-
ture travelers. He sees and knows.
Many such are viewing the recurring
periodicities which constitute history.
The fate of Greece and Rome is being
wrought by the forces which hoist
every glutton upon the throne of
American empire. The Gorgon de-
vours itself finally and then —

Acquisitiveness on the physical and
intellectual plane is working its inev-
itable mission. We are living in a dying
world—and yet not dead, for there is
now born a child who is indeed Em-
manuel, the man Spiritual. The awak-
ening conscience now sees the absolute
requirement for spiritual growth, the
ethical side of human nature, the
consciousness of a present touch with
angel life. History marks a new
epoch in this awakening conscience.
Rome had it and lost it, so did Greece.
Had "Salus populi suprema est lex"
prevailed the fate of Rome had been
written otherwise. The repudiation
of the people's best welfare, the stric-
tures tightened upon the spiritual na-
ture and the bold, unblushing effron-
tery of a gorged materialism are the
warnings which herald the inevitable
passing away of the present regime.
A new and a better world is to come.
It is upon that world that the energies
of man's uplifting thought ought to be
centered. Our Eden is there, the
world's redemption is there. The
weak, the lowly, the little ones, are
there. The strong, too, are there. "All
for each and each for all" is the prime
motive force which is to govern that
blest humanity.

* THE VERDICT IS *
* That the Light of Truth for *
* 1899 and The Coming Age, *
* offered together for two *
* dollars, is the greatest com- *
* bination of the day. *
* YOU WANT THEM. *

Lawrence Gronlund, author of "The
Co-operative Commonwealth," "The
New Economy," etc., is now on the
staff of the New York Journal.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The editor of the Two Worlds, Mr.
E. W. Wallis, addressed the members
and associates of the London Spiritu-
al Alliance recently on "Spiritualism
in America: Observations and Deduc-
tions." The address (a synopsis of
which taken from Light we shall print
next week), must have proved in-
tensely edifying, for Mr. Wallis is
well equipped with faculties of obser-
vation and judgment, and his sojourn
of some six months in this country
and Canada last summer and early
winter gave him an abundance of ex-
perience in the methods of propagan-
da and of the people generally. On
the whole Mr. Wallis' address was a
generous and noble tribute to Ameri-
can Spiritualism, and certainly quite
timely, as it will tend to a more firm
and enduring acquaintance between
us all.

* * *

Joseph Edgar Chamberlain writes
of Helen Keller, the deaf and blind
prodigy, in the May Ladies' Home
Journal: "She 'hears,' as she expresses
it—that is, feels—a footfall on the
floor of the room, and distinguishes
footfalls which differ markedly one
from another. Last summer, when
she was taking her exercise one day
by walking up and down the veranda,
I was seated in a chair near the door,
and a little child, barely a year old,
but able to walk freely, came walking
lightly out upon the veranda. Helen
stopped at once, and coming up to me
and touching my lips, asked, 'Is Ma-
rion here?' I answered 'Yes.' Helen
smiled and said, 'I thought I felt a soft
sound.' A great deal has been said
and written about her power of rec-
ognizing people by the touch of the
hand. She certainly does recognize
all her friends readily by shaking the
hand, and sometimes recognizes at a
second meeting, and some time after-
ward, a person whom she has met but
once before."

* * *

The people of Illinois now possess
some degree of medical freedom. The
legislature before adjourning fixed
things up so that persons who heal
disease without the use of drugs are
exempted from the provisions govern-
ing certificates of qualification in
other branches of medical practice.
This will be a great boon to our medi-
ums and others who use nature's
forces in the eradication of disease.
An examination is required of those
who purpose practicing osteopathy.

Charity is not related to alms-
boxes. A morbid sentimentalism
throws pennies at the crouching beg-
gar, but charity seeks the cause of his
beggary. That removed and the beg-
gar goes with it. In a country as rich
as this is the sight of a beggar is as
sure a reproach upon society as a
dirty face would be in a ladies' draw-
ing room. We are not of those who
quote a false scripture which reads,
"The poor ye have with you always."
Apologists for Christendom's neglect
point to this and pursue their wonted
way. Thus the alms-house, the char-
ity hospital—and the charity ball.

The most potent forces of the world
are silent. A thought oftentimes is dead-
lier than a dagger, for while the dag-
ger may kill the body, which is noth-
ing, the thought stabs the soul. Con-
versely a thought may inspire one to
do and dare where the spoken word,
the exhortation, would have no effect.
All power springs from the deeps of
silence. Men in mad trance war with
invulnerable nothings and the beau-
tiful earth carries them through space
at a velocity of 65,000 miles an hour,
making no noise whatever.

Have a copy of the Light of Truth
on your reading table.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FORTUITOUS, NOT OF THE FITTEST.

What we regard incongruous in the thought force of different peoples at widely different periods is not such when viewed with relation to their social environment. The hindrance upon progress in thought lies in the persistence with which old conceptions of truth accompany new conceptions. The difference between John Calvin and Thomas Paine, for instance, was one of qualitative method. Organically they were much alike, but their mental environments, ergo their intellectual faculties, were widely dissimilar. Only in the light of the outworkings of their thought upon mankind are we enabled to judge which has contributed the most to the moral and spiritual advancement of the race.

We say, "as a man thinketh, so is he," but we forget to include in the axiom that the man thinks in accordance with his environment. Fortuitous circumstances may cause a man to think along lines of the highest ideality and blessedness, while unfortuitous environment may cause his mind to grope in darkness and criminality.

The question is, is he to be honored and praised for the former or despised and condemned for the latter condition in life? The fellow who swaggers along the street with his hands in his pockets, a strap around the top of his trousers, his cap tipped over his eyes and a cob pipe in his mouth, thinks he is cutting as good, may be a better, figure than the modest, unassuming man who passes along unobserved, and yet the latter is likely to be vastly the superior of the two.

The truth in any given case is a modification of phenomena dependent on mental perception. Organization is determined by environment, and a diseased organization can not produce pure thought. The highest philosophy of Spiritualism in the analysis of mental action has demonstrated that the expression of thought in speech or action is dependent on the physical organism, modified by heredity and the varying climatic, racial and other qualifications which make up environment.

The ability to grasp particular opportunities and perceive the truths of natural phenomena has been evolved in man after long struggles in the evolution of fortuitous environment. The survival is not of the fittest, but of the fortuitous. The fittest by no means survive. They are often engulfed in the maelstrom of unfortuitous conditions. How shall we reconcile the doctrine of the survival of the fittest to the cases of Shelly or Robert Louis Stevenson, cut down in their usefulness, while such vampires as Richard Croker and Marcus Hanna live to prey upon the weaknesses of mankind? In this struggle for the fortuitous certain parts of the brain case have been enlarged, showing that brains are actually created by the restless, striving soul. But even here the organization will modify the moral and intellectual faculties. Conversely inaction and mental stupor clog the brain, and certain faculties become arrested and we have the moral pariah, the bigot and the fanatic. This is the reversion of intellect and degeneracy follows. Use or non-use, then, in conformity to environment, determines the extent to which organization shall control the expression of thought.

Stephen Crane has written a remarkable short story entitled, "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen," for The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, the oldest paper in America.

DELPHA PEARL HUGHES.

The Light of Truth takes pleasure in introducing to the children by portrait this week, their friend and helper, the editress of the Children's Hour, Miss Delpha Pearl Hughes—Aunt Rose. Miss Hughes informs us with deep satisfaction of the many letters she is receiving from the little folks who send forth always the sweet promptings of their innocent, truthful minds in thorough appreciation of her work for them. The Children's Hour is rapidly becoming a fixture of the Light of Truth, and no more important work than Miss Hughes' has place in its columns. The training of the youthful mind, by imparting useful information and spiritual suggestion, is among the vital necessities of the awakening conscience. The drawing out of children their thoughts, desires and aspirations is a fine feature of this process of education. And it requires the deep sympathy and love with which Miss Hughes is endowed to bring into touch and feeling these prime qualities of the youthful mind. This innate fineness and gentle culture of her nature is shown in her exquisite little white and gold book, "Wedding Chimes," a copy of which every Spiritualist family should have. It is a unique work, designed especially to preserve the holiest memories. It contains a marriage ceremony, invocation, marriage certificate and place for names of guests in blank, births, marriages, transitions and carefully selected prose and poetic readings.

Miss Hughes' home is at Rollin, Mich., and we hope that the boys and girls who love the Light of Truth and its work will write to her and give her all the encouragement they can.

HOLD UP THIS MAN'S HANDS.

Ex-State Senator M. B. Earnhart has been appointed by Governor Bushnell to the vacancy in the Police Court judgeship caused by Judge Swartz's election as mayor of Columbus. Judge Earnhart's address to the police at the beginning of his duties as judge contained some magnificent thoughts, and from what we know of the man he will carry them out. In these days of court venality, especially in police matters, it is refreshing to read such sentiments as the following from a police magistrate:

"If a woman has been hurriedly arrested, get word to her home so she may appear in proper decorum. We are not here to wantonly humiliate, but to correct, restrain and elevate. I have often observed a number of women arrested together for some disorderly conduct, or keeping an improper house. If a home gets disorderly so it has become a nuisance to the public and neighbors I am not so anxious to try the women as I am to meet the landlord. Notify him in writing, and if the women have to go to the workhouse he will go along as their escort.

"Much trouble also occurs in so-called saloons where women congregate and stand by the bar and drink with men. I am not so particular about the women, but if you bring in anybody, bring in the proprietor. If they can not run their place in a lawful and respectable way the court may be able to.

"There is no millennium at hand, but some abuses will be corrected."

This is getting at the pith of the social evil with an axe and a grub-hoe. There are scores of landlords in this city who wax fat and wealthy and pay their pew rents and their wives' millinery bills upon the earnings of the public prostitutes. The spectacle of a few of them before Judge Earnhart would be a sight for gods and men.

The communication of Mr. Henry R. Newbie on "The Negro and Spiritualism" contains some timely suggestions which, if listened to and put into practice, will, as Mr. Newbie says, tend to raise the negro from the only source of his pitiful degradation, i. e., his religion. The negro is a victim of his religious environment, more so than any other race. Intensely fervid and imaginative by nature, these qualities have from time immemorial been played upon by the superstitious traditions of his religious concepts, aided by his teachers, themselves scarcely less superstitious and tyrannical. As a race the negroes are incapable of self-help owing to their long and ghastly record of servitude. Hence they must be assisted, but so long as they prefer the traditions of their religious and social life, (their leaders for the most part conserving and perpetuating them) in preference to the greater light and development awaiting and being assimilated by the other masses of the population, the negro problem will be hindered of its solution.

Mr. Newbie, having entered the new and better life, sees the condition of his race with enhanced perturbation of mind. He is president of the Young People's society, Christian Endeavor, of the Bridge Street A. M. E. church of Brooklyn.

How little we know each other! What agony may be and often is concealed behind a smiling countenance! We look upon such an one and think, how happy, how content he must be, so fortuitously conditioned in life. But we little know that man's real existence. Some times the thought will come, how beautifully provident is the inscrutable mystery which surrounds and is a part of us all. Somebody wrote a book recently, "How the Other Half Lives." It is doubtful if the author got far into the "other half," for he remained sane and completed his book. And here is the point to which such trend of thought leads us. If God looks down upon or into, or at, the "other half," how can He be reconciled? Perchance this prompted the atonement. If so the crucifixion is a moving tragedy. At least the spectacle is an every-day affair and so common that we do not care to turn aside even to view it. As De Toqueville said: "We so soon become used to the thought of want that we do not feel that an evil which grows greater to the sufferer the longer it lasts, becomes less to the observer by the very fact of its duration."

The lecture on Thomas Paine by Col. R. G. Ingersoll at the New York Academy of Music May 14 promises to eclipse all memorial services in honor of the author-hero of the revolution. The lecture is for the benefit of the Paine Bronze Bust Fund. The tickets have been placed at popular prices and a great outpouring of the friends is assured. The colossal bronze bust of Thomas Paine, made by the Henry-Bonnard Bronze company from the model of Wilson MacDonald, will be unveiled on the platform at Col. Ingersoll's lecture. It will then be placed on the Paine monument at New Rochelle, where dedication ceremonies will take place on Decoration Day, May 30th. The editor of the Light of Truth has been honored by an invitation from the famous sculptor, Wilson MacDonald, to be present at the Decoration Day ceremonies at New Rochelle and deliver an oration on Paine.

There is a heresy abroad in the land that Spiritualism somehow or other is related to the affairs of this world. But as heresies sooner or later become orthodoxies, Spiritualism is likely to become popular in this respect.

POINTS.

The submission to tyranny is immeasurably worse than tyranny.

Look at Georgia—meanwhile the civilizing of the Filipinos goes merrily on.

Numbers sanctify crime. One murder makes a villain. Millions of them make a hero.

Miracle is the ecclesiastic synonym of ignorance. As knowledge advances, miracle fades away.

Will Mrs. Eva Pfuntner acquaint the Light of Truth of her present address? A letter for her at this office.

The body says, get; the spirit says, give. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Nothing truer than this was ever uttered.

When the New Time is here there will be a few places other than the cemetery where the rich and the poor can meet on a common level.

He who is in possession of the love of all wisdom is on the highway to the kingdom of righteousness, which once found, opens the way to all else.

The verdict in the George case is a reminder of the prediction of Mrs. A. E. Thomas to the effect that Mrs. George would not be convicted. This sterling speaker and medium writes that she has some dates open for engagements at camp meetings during the summer.

No people can be self-governing who do not exercise the right to vote for and upon every important person or law designed to govern them. The recent senatorial struggles in California, Delaware and Pennsylvania are a disgrace, and a reproach upon the doctrine of self-government.

The venerable Dr. Peebles is at work pulverizing the compulsory vaccination law of California. The law has been a dead letter for ten years, but the doctors and school boards are trying to revive it. In San Diego children are expelled from the schools because their parents will not submit to the dirty outrage.

The intuition of man's spirit foreshadows all that we know of art, culture and adornment. There has been no discovery in mechanics, mathematics, chemistry or literature of our day that was not a dream in the spirit of some man or men long before the procession of events marshaled it into line with the requirements of progress.

"Yes, I am the boss."

"I have more influence than any other man in town."

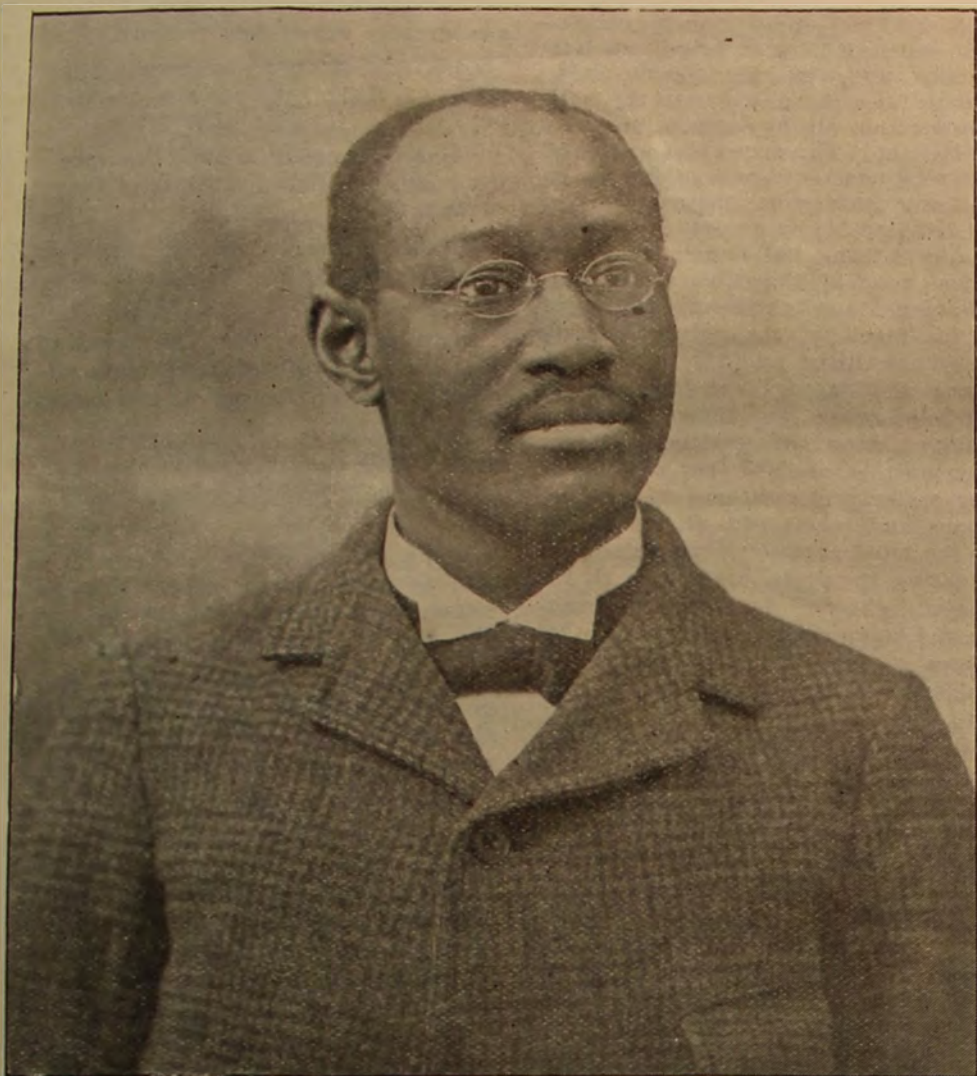
"I am working for my own pocket all the time."

"When we win we get the goods."

"What are you going to do about it?"—New York's ruler, Richard Croker.

And New York has as good a government as it has learned to want.

"Don't worry, but smile; don't fear, but sing; don't denounce, but encourage"; that is the affirmative spiritual gospel. It is not new teaching, but it is being newly emphasized, explained and employed. You can find it creeping in everywhere. It is the logical and natural result of the spiritual revelation that man is not naturally a miserable, depraved sinner. It is the affirmation that man is naturally good, true, and only needs encouraging to outwardly manifest the indwelling spirit. It calls upon each one to do it; don't leave it to some one else, don't wait till tomorrow; do it now. Begin today. Look on the bright side. Speak kindly, think gently and cheerily; let the dead past bury its dead.—The Two Worlds.



HENRY R. NEWBIE

MY LIFE.

I was born in Portsmouth, Va., Feb. 14, '70. My mother, Eliza, and father, Henry R. Newbie, were born slaves. My father died in 1880, and left my mother with three children. I being the eldest, was compelled to assist her in caring for them until she married again. I was then sent to the C. S. academy under the tutorship of Prof. I. C. Norcum, a young negro of high attainments, who was appointed principal of the academy in question by the city school board, and is holding that position today.

I then entered the "Wood College" in Lowell, Mass., through the influence and kindness of the late General B. F. Butler. Two years later I entered the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Va. I was desirous of becoming an engineer. Through carelessness I lost the top of my index finger. The misery was so intense, and having to work my way

through, I was compelled to leave before graduating.

I was married one year after leaving Hampton. Two years later I was appointed special messenger for the Seaboard Air Line railroad by the late traffic manager, Mr. O. V. Smith, which position I held until his death. I then came to New York city and was employed by Dr. Clarence Howard, 57 W. 51st street. One year later I came to Brooklyn, sought employment at various places, among which was the Brooklyn "L." I then put in two terms at the evening High School of Science and Art, after which I was instructed by an aged gentleman of 73 to visit the Woman's Progressive Union, No. 423 Classar avenue. I did so, and there, under the earnest, gentle and impressive voice of Rev. W. R. Wiggins, the renowned ballot test medium, of Boston, Mass., I came in touch with this great and glorious truth, and it has set me free. I have been in church work for 18 years. I am fraternally yours,

HENRY R. NEWBIE.

The Negro and Spiritualism.

HENRY R. NEWBIE.

Search, seek out wisdom and the reason of things.—Eccl. 7:25.

Just before the going out of this nineteenth century I have learned through experience, observation and the schoolroom, that man is continually searching and seeking for a brighter path which leads to the solution of the mysteries of God.

If there are issues pertaining to the evolution of municipal, state or federal governments, the negro is a ready participant and debater; but if his religious qualities are questioned, he refuses to reason, but exclaims, "This old-time religion is good enough for me!"

I have believed the above theory for more than 18 years, but the words of the text have taught me that the uni-

versal laws of God contradict such and verify the statement to living mortals.

What is religion? It is the science of the soul's education. What is the soul? It is that part of self that thinks or reasons at will. Since thought or reason is the creative power of mankind, and religion simply an education of that thought or soul, why not let us stop long enough to think and view our present status?

It is true that my complexion is one shade lighter than Carter's writing ink, but I am as certain of a continuity of life, and that the change called death can not harm that life which God has made, but is rather a relief and blessing to the mortal, as the sun takes his journey by day.

The trees, plants, grass and herbs fade away in winter, but growth and development, cause and effect, give them a new birth in their due season. If these things undergo a change, why should our bodies be exempted or free from change? "There is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead; it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, and it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body," etc., says Paul.

If my race would only close their eyes against superstition, wrong interpretations and omens, so far as a burning hell, filled with brimstone, is concerned, and walk out some clear evening to some lonely spot, look toward the starry sky; then watch the moon in her beautiful splendor as she hangs in space between the earth and sky, then reason to himself what power keeps it there, I am certain God will at once manifest himself to you; not in person, but in thought, because thought or reason is the creative power or soul of man. Get up early some morning and watch the sun as he drives all mist before him, and begins to illuminate the world, how steadily he does the mission of God. Watch the trees, plants and flowers. Luke, 12:27-28.

I am satisfied that in a short time you will be convinced of God's handiwork.

"Jesus said to the disciples, Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be open unto you." Those illiterate people could no more comprehend his meaning in those days than a four-year-old lad can understand trigonometry of this day. He meant seek for wisdom, knowledge and a clearer conception of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, then the mysteries of this material world and the seeming impossibilities would or should be open to man.

Recent inventions of this century have verified this truth. One may ask, why is my brother or neighbor so rich and I am so poor? Cause and effect are the only proper answers to the inquiry.

Many of my scholared people entertain the foolish idea that God keeps us miserably poor to purge us for heaven, and correct us for our wrong doings or sins. God's universal laws are for all men. He is no respecter of persons. Man's financial destiny lies principally in heredity from his ancestors. Show me a man who was a careful financier of 1859 and I will show you an independent child or grandchild of 1899. Some poor men have made their mark in this life without such parentage, consequently they call themselves "self-made." Cause and effect also play their part in this statement. Some philanthropist, who desires a certain work of intelligence to be done, even after the change called death removes his spiritual body, consequently he leaves a legacy for such work. God created all men on an equal basis and allows no man to pick up a grain of sand without work. If the negro will only take a fresh hold of these laws, save a part of his earnings when opportunity permits, apply freely the remedies of brotherly love, confidence in each other, a general pulling together, let one's cause be the other's cause, there will be no destitution among us. Let us study out our present and future destiny ourselves.

Jesus came to this world to teach man how to live and use his thoughts or soul toward his goodness, and through growth and development, reach the higher essence of God's

wonderful bounty. The church is the social rendezvous of the negroes as well as for religious worship, but it seems so singular that we can not or will not see beyond the pulpit. Does the reader doubt it? The sensational preacher and good music are really the only true powers that keep the congregation together, while on the other hand, let a man stand up for truth, plain talk, failing to admonish and tickle the ears of his hearers with correct "verbs," "nouns" and "adjectives," be it assured that the city in which that man resides will be called upon to give him food and shelter. The great cause of the hallucination of the God problem of the negro is due to the negligence of the "bank check winners" or preachers. How long will one preach the good message if you fail to pay him a large salary, according to his congregation, free rent, free table-board, free fuel, free gas, say nothing of the marriage fees? Oh, when will the people wake up from such ignorant slumber?

While they are thus bedecked with splendor a few sainted, unfortunate members of their congregations are in the city hospitals, almshouses, asylums and jails for the want of a kind word, a clean garment, a morsel of food or a few shillings, and still they (preachers) are the genuine lights to guide us to heaven. Not much. Every man is his own savior, his own interpreter, and the sooner we negroes find this out and put it to practice the better off we shall be.

One may ask, what can the negroes do? All the capitalists are our white friends. When our white friends see that our leaders are loyal, and true to all, try to help ourselves by economy and self-sacrifice, they will quickly come to our aid.

If the negro clergy of this great city (others as well) were to donate one-third of their large salaries and the entire proceedings of at least two Sundays annually for the erection of a large factory or some investments by which the poor negroes of their respective congregations could be jointly employed, as clerks, machinists, foremen and laborers, they would teach us the method of solving this great negro question. No man can well serve God if he is hungry and no place to get food or shelter. Let us have a little heaven here. They fail to advance these truths, but keep a tight grasp on the word "self."

Had it not been for the kindness of the superintendent of the Jersey Central railroad, what would have become of those 200 stranded negroes on their way to Liberia, Africa, during the chilly winds of March?

How many preachers and church members left their cozy homes to search for them a place to sleep? How many carried those dear little nursing babies a ten-cent can of milk? Where is the old-time religion?

"As ye have done it unto these, my little ones, ye have done it unto me," said Jesus.

If these unfortunates in question had been clergymen stranded in a strange community the good members would have walked the streets until midnight hunting accommodations for them. They would have selected committees to wait on the railroad officials for reduced rates and they (the preachers) would have been comfortably transported to their respective homes.

The fundamental principle of all religion is recited three times on every Sunday by our congregations, but before the preacher takes his text it has been forgotten, viz: "Love God with all thy heart, mind and soul, and your neighbor as yourself." Mark, 12:30-31.

There is no religion beyond this. On these two commandments hangs all the law. "Seek ye first the kingdom

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FIELD AT A GLANCE

Mrs. Virginia Barrett is now located in Montreal, 34 University street.

Mr. and Mrs. Folsom have been engaged to remain with the First Spiritualist church of Columbus, O., for May.

The Sunapee Lake, N. H., Spiritualist camp meeting commences the last Saturday in July and continues several weeks.

Will C. Hodge recently addressed the Light of Truth Spiritualist society of Chicago on the "Naturalism of Spiritualism."

Mr. Max Hoffman has been engaged for the last week at the Clinton, Ia., camp meeting grounds, as rostrum message medium.

Rev. Henry Frank of New York city, pastor of the Metropolitan church, is organizing a society for psychical research.

On Saturday afternoon and evening, May 6, at Boston Music hall, Mrs. William S. Butler, the Lyceum patroness, will present her eleventh annual May festival.

The Spiritualists of southwest Michigan are to have a reunion on Sunday, June 25, at Lake Cora. Dr. Adah Sheehan Horman will be the speaker, and Mrs. Maggie Waite message medium.

Miss Margaret Gaule, the eminent message medium, opens the season for the First Spiritualist society of New York City next October; place of meeting, the Tuxedo, Madison avenue and Fifty-ninth street.

T. E. Allen is delivering a series of discourses in his church in Boston on "An Examination of Hudson's Theory of Psychic Phenomena, with Reasons for Believing in the Truth of the Spiritualistic Hypothesis."

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock has open dates in May and June and would like to fill them in New England. Societies desiring her services this season or for the next, may address her at 27 Atlantic avenue, Providence, R. I.

Dr. E. J. Jacobson of Chicago was publicly licensed as a medium Sunday evening, April 16, by action of the Church of the Students of Nature of that city, a society incorporated under State law and chartered by the National Spiritualists' association.

Ella Woodward of Toledo, O., wishes to engage in camp work with the singers. Will assist with heart and soul in the work. For remuneration she only asks for entertainment. Will give readings free of charge. Address 1016 Adams street, Toledo, Ohio.

The First Spiritualist church of Indianapolis closes on next Sunday a very successful season's work. Allen W. Connet as speaker and Mrs. Josephine Ropp have served the society the past two months, and have done good work. Mr. Connett is a very pleasant speaker, calculated to please people just out of the church, and Mrs. Ropp is an exceptionally fine test medium.—B. Frank Schmid.

Max Hoffman, speaker and medium, writes from Chicago: The anniversary service was a grand success and the large hall was only too small to accommodate the seekers for the truth. I continue my church until the last Sunday in May. First of June I leave Chicago to fulfill my engagements at Hayesville, White Pigeon and other towns in Iowa, stopping for a week with friends at Ottumwa, Ia. Will arrive at Clinton camp the middle of July, making my stay there during the whole camp, and then to Marshall-

town, Ia., camp meeting — returning home to Chicago about the first of October, when I will reopen my church for the season.

Correspondence from Buffalo is to the effect that the recent mass meeting of the New York State association in that city was a great success. Very interesting meetings were held each session, under the supervision of Mr. Frank Walker, president, and Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, vice president of the N. Y. State association. The speakers were Mrs. A. L. Robinson, Gillipsie, Mrs. C. E. S. Twing, Moses and Mattie Hull, Mrs. Ellis of Auburn, Mrs. Brewer of Toronto, Canada. The vocal and instrumental music was very interesting and entertaining, and especial mention should be made of Miss Paxtens of Hamburg in her violin solo, Miss Adams in her vocal solo and the three little girls, Miss Tully and Bakers, in the song, "Beckoning Hands." The Thursday and Friday evening sessions were of more than usual interest, as manifested by the appreciative audiences.

INDIANAPOLIS NOTES.

The development into spiritual philosophy seems as real and tangible, when properly understood, as the growth and development of the tiny leaf followed by bud and flower into culmination, all governed by natural and fixed law.

I was for a long while harassed by conflicting opinions. That, however, was years ago. I thought the devil had been set loose like a roaring lion seeking whom he might devour.

Mrs. Josephine Ropp, who, we are glad to state, has "come to stay," is settled in a lovely suburban home in the environs of our beautiful city, 1111 Cannon street. Prospect cars east to terminus, a little farther east, then to the right and here you are, under the hospitable roof of one of our most honored and respected mediums, who has filled the chair very acceptably as test medium at the First church during the past few weeks.

Mrs. Ropp came by a special invitation last Wednesday evening to the home of Mrs. General A. D. Streight, and what wonderful and surprising revelations. I fully understand that you do not dare open your columns to the chance sayings and doings of every medium that happens along, but you will pardon me if I ask forbearance in this case. Mrs. Ropp is a lady modest, refined in manner and bearing. Opens and closes her seances with prayer, and would never be known outside of her own family circle did not her friends urge that she hide not her light under a bushel.

What she has accomplished for the cause of our beautiful philosophy will not, perhaps, ever be realized.

The First church, under the judicious and efficient management of B. F. Schmid, coupled with the never-failing "Ladies' Aid," Mrs. Barnett, Mrs. Kirchmeir, Mrs. Bartholomew and others, will stand as a lasting and perpetual monument to the cause of righteousness and truth for ages to come. This organization, that has come to be recognized as a substantial factor in church circles, is crowded to overflowing, particularly on Sunday evenings. Mr. Allen Connett occupies the rostrum this month, and is a very pleasing and engaging speaker. Mrs. Ropp left for Muncie to fill an engagement there Thursday.

Mr. B. F. Schmid has become well known in labor circles, having received the appointment of chairman of labor commissioners by Governor James A. Mount. Mr. Schmid, with his associates, has proven himself well fitted for the place, and has succeeded in arbitrating matters be-

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The Editor of the "Nonconformist," Mr. C. Vincent, is one of the "Vincent Boys" who made the first hot fight for reform in Kansas in the latter eighties and early nineties. His face was included in the group of earnest reformers pictured in "Imperial Republic" that appeared in these columns in the early winter. The "Nonconformist" has a circulation in forty-five States and Territories. Price \$1 a year. Send for sample copy.

The American Nonconformist,
629 S. 13th St., Omaha, NebraskaMrs. S. Augusta Armstrong lectures
for the Buffalo Spiritual Society, Sun-
day, May 7, 1899.

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tween capital and labor organizations most successfully.

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MRS. LOUISE L. LAWRENCE.

NEBRASKA CAMP MEETING.

The State Spiritualist association of Nebraska will hold a camp meeting in Lincoln, Neb., in Lincoln park, from July 14th to 25th. The expense to each person during the entire season of attendance will be 75c for use of grounds, 75c for one tent. Each camper is supposed to pay for their own meals (meals furnished on the ground) or bring suitable means for preparing them in camp. The association furnishes only the tents. Cots and board floors can be procured if called for, at small expense. Mediums or speakers wanting to attend can correspond with the secretary. Spiritualists of Nebraska, wake up! The State Spiritualist association is going to have a camp. It wants your moneyed help to place Nebraska at the head in camps. Now let the secretary hear from all the towns and cities of Nebraska. How much will you give to push on the work to a grand success? Send us \$1, \$2, \$5, or what you can. Throw all prejudice aside, put away all the little differences, and let us join the greatest move the history of Spiritualism in Nebraska has known.

PAUL S. GILLETTE.

411 N. 19th street, Omaha, Neb.

THE NEW CHICAGO SOCIETY.

The meetings of the Alpha Philosophical society are a grand success. Sir Richard Blackmore materializes and delivers a lecture from the rostrum at each meeting that is interesting and instructive. He was a great man when he passed to spirit life 250 years ago; and he has gained wonderfully in that time.

CHARLES HOWELL.

TESTIMONIAL.

Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker:

Dear Doctor—My little girl, five years old, was sick two and one-half years with spinal and other troubles. We had her treated by some of the best doctors in the country. They kept her in a plaster paris vest, which only gave temporary relief. She laid in bed five months, could not walk or move, had to be carried around.

I heard of your wonderful medicine and sent for a treatment; she began to improve, and at the end of the second month she could walk some. After taking four months' treatment she is gaining in strength and health every day. I can freely and truthfully say you have saved our child's life, for which we are ever your grateful friends.

Sincerely,

Mr. S. Settrim.

Mrs. C. Settrim.

We take pleasure in saying that we believe Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker to be the greatest healing medium now before the public. She is always prompt and reliable and can be depended on at all times. See her advertisement in this paper. If in ill health it will be to your interest to consult her.—Dawning Light, San Antonio, Tex.—(Adv.)

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"Cultivation of Personal Magnetism"

(By Leroy Berrier.)

In the production of my book "Creative Force and Sexual Natures," a book now under the ban of the censors, much time was spent in the investigation and consideration of the creative force of the universe as it is manifested in human nature. This force, as it is manifested in human life, is generally known as "vital force," "life force" and "personal magnetism." We know that it is the elixir of life, and that they who possess a large amount of it are, figuratively speaking, the capitalists in life; they are the kings and queens in mental and physical power and vigor; happiness is their priceless jewel. The fountain from which flows this sunum bonum of life is a great volume of life force or personal magnetism.

I have learned that the common idea, that possession of a large or small amount of personal magnetism is entirely due to inheritance, is wrong, and that any person of sufficient intelligence to apply certain regulations can cultivate personal magnetism. Since I learned these facts I have set to work and formulated a system of brain and nerve culture that will create and maintain personal magnetism. My investigations revealed that there is direct access to the life force through the sexual nature; that most people create life force enough to make them capitalists in it, but they are not for the reason that they unconsciously waste it or, stating it differently, they have not complete control of it; that the greatest source of waste (although there are many) is through the sexual natures, and the causes of this was not difficult to find. It lies in the fact that through ignorance, enforced and self-imposed, the human race knows no other method to secure gratification to normal and natural desire than through the waste of priceless life force. A part of my purpose in the production of the book, "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism," is to teach the conservation of life force and still increase our natural enjoyment through all the faculties.

I have learned that this is necessary in order to keep the powers of the body vitalized and invigorated. This course of cultivation is of special benefit to all who have not a sufficient amount of life force to sustain good health or to make the performance of their mental and physical activities pleasurable. For those who are despondent and discouraged and have lost an incentive of life, I have endeavored to furnish a new inspiration. It opens to all the road to perfect control of all the faculties which is so essential to success and happiness. I have probably endured as disparaging and trying an ordeal as often falls to the lot of man, and through the teachings which are given in "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism," I was enabled to come out with good health and spirits. I maintained a personal magnetism that offset all the negative forces that beset me. Through this course of training perfect control of the sexual natures can be secured. This alone makes the course valuable. Why is it that so many of the ill of life are in some way brought about through the sexual natures? Simply because the sexual natures have direct access to the life force, which, if wasted, causes nervous prostration; if misused, causes nervousness; if not used properly, deadens. I believe that medicine never yet cured any of these disorders. Nor is this a matter of theory with me. Through a voluminous consultation by correspondence and in person I have come into possession of these facts.

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MERRY MAY.

I'm glad that Winter's gone at last,
With blinding snow and raging blast.
I'm glad, so glad the bright-eyed Spring
Has made all Nature laugh and sing.
I can't help dancing all the day;
'Tis merry, merry, merry May.

I waked this morning, don't you think,
And heard a darling Bob-o-link;
A Robin, too, sat on a tree,
And looked as gay as gay could be.
They've both been singing all the day,
'Tis merry, merry, merry May.

To the woods I flew with eager feet,
To seek for flowers pure and sweet;
I found them, too; in sunny spots
I spied the blue Forget-me-nots—
Their smiling faces seemed to say,
'Tis merry, merry, merry May.

The fair Spring-beauties on the hill,
Hepaticus more lovely still,
The Wind-flower and Arbutus sweet,
Had all peeped up the light to greet;
They can't help blooming all the day,
'Tis merry, merry, merry May.

A little brook ran through the dell,
And tinkled soft its fairy bell,
To call the dewdrops in its glee,
To join it as it sought the sea.
It can't help rippling all the day,
'Tis merry, merry, merry May.

—Ellen F. Lattimore.

MYRTIE'S SACRIFICE.

Very happy were the scholars at Amesford school, for they were to have a picnic on the 1st of May, and Miss Norton, the teacher, had said they might choose a May queen. I wish I could do justice to Miss Norton in praising her kindness and goodness to her scholars, but as that is impossible I will only say that there never was a sweeter or more lenient teacher, and that she enjoyed the esteem of all the elderly people of the little village as well as the love and affection of her pupils. The children had been very much excited over the choosing of the May queen, but now it was pretty well determined that it would be either Myrtie Warren or Lillie Courtney, the two prettiest and smartest girls in the school.

Myrtie Warren was the only daughter of the wealthiest citizen of Amesford; very beautiful and talented, with grace in every toss of the dark glossy ringlets which clustered around the well-shaped head. Lillie was the opposite of Myrtie in every respect; her father died years before, leaving her mother very poor, and it was by the hardest toil that she was able to maintain a respectable appearance and give Lillie a good education. Lillie was a "lily" in every sense of the word; very delicate and fragile, with a sweet and amiable disposition, which made her a favorite with old and young. One Friday about two weeks before the 1st of May, Miss Norton gave each scholar a slip of paper, upon which she said she desired each one to write whom they voted for, and on the following Monday they were to lay it on her desk.

"Myrtie, Myrtie, wait!" cried little Nano Coleman as Myrtie was walking home one evening. "What do you think?" she said, as she came up panting from her run. Mary Redcliffe and I have been around asking the girls who they were going to vote for, and you have got two more votes than Lillie! Will our May queen allow her humble servant to congratulate her?"

asked Nano, in a mocking tone.

"Run away, you little rogue," said Myrtie, laughing. Nano heard some one calling her, and away she scampered as quickly as she had come.

"Mamma," said Myrtie, when once seated comfortably in her mother's room, "I am going to see some of the girls and get them to vote for Lillie."

"For Lillie?" said Mrs. Warren, in some surprise. "Why, I thought you wanted to be May queen yourself."

"Yes, mamma, I do, or rather I did," said Myrtie, while her eyes filled with tears, "but I can't help thinking how much more I have to make me happy than Lillie, who is sick so much. Besides, her mother is too poor to gratify any wish of hers. Lillie was telling me only the other day how long she had been wanting a volume of Milton's Paradise Lost, and her mother had said now she would have to wait until next winter for it, as their doctor's bill had been so large since last spring. So I think it would be real selfish in me to be queen when I know Lillie would like to be so much."

"Dear Myrtie," murmured her mother, softly, while she stroked the glistening curls, "you have pleased me much by displaying such a generous spirit. I am sure you have also given joy to the angels who are ever striving to inspire us to do such loving and generous deeds."

Myrtie, after a little persuasion, induced three of the girls to vote for Lillie, and bound them to secrecy about her persuading them, so Monday morning found Lillie elected queen by a majority of one. The picnic was a perfect success, and Myrtie seemed content with being first maid of honor. How glad she was when, one short year afterward, Lillie was called to the higher life, that she had sacrificed her own desires for the purpose of giving Lillie the happiness of being May queen.

LAURA JENKINS.

"GOOD MORNING."

"Good morning, world!" On the window seat
She balanced her two little timid feet,
She clung with her dimpled hands, and stood
Framed in like a picture of babyhood.
The clambering vines hung low and green
Round the sunniest curls that e'er were seen,
As she stood with beauty and light im-
pearled,
And bade good morning to all the world.

"Good morning, world!" and the great world heard,
Each rustling tree and each singing bird,
The dancing flowers and the fields of grass
Nodded and waved at the little lass.
And the far-off hills and the sky o'erhead
Listened and beamed as the word was said;
And the old sun lifted his head and smiled,
"Good morning, world!" "Good morning, child!"

—H. A. Bingham.

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One of the most beautiful sights in the world is the annual migration of butterflies across the Isthmus of Panama. Towards the end of June a few scattered specimens are discovered flitting out to sea, and as the days go by the number increases, until about July 14 or 15 the sky is occasionally almost obscured by myriads of these frail insects.



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The report of the proceedings of the last convention—1898—will appear from the press in a few days. It will be an exceedingly interesting book, and should be read by every Spiritualist. It will sell at 25 cents per copy—6 cents additional for postage. Orders for reports may now be sent to me at the N. S. A. office.

We have had generous donations of books for the N. S. A. library from W. J. Colville, Carlyle Petersilia, Frank Walker, W. H. Bach, Lillian Whiting, Susie C. Clark, D. W. Hull and others, to whom the N. S. A. extends its grateful thanks. D. W. Hull has presented this association with 50 copies of his bright little work on Christianity. We shall sell them at the office at 15 cents each, 2 cents extra for postage. Please send your orders. All who are familiar with Bro. Hull's writings will want a copy of this work, for they know it is worth far more than its cost.

Spiritualism in Washington is very quiet now, some of the mediums—including Mr. Keeler and Mr. Altemus—hold week-day meetings, but the society has suspended meetings for a time. Yet there is no lack of interest manifested in our cause; the phenomena is sought for and the philosophy is discussed on every hand. Thinkers and students are seeking knowledge and light on occult subjects, and especially on the truths taught by intelligent spirits through mediums. I have received calls from a number of residents here who are investigating Spiritualism because it has come to them in their own homes. Some of these give wonderful statements of their experiences; all have received strong evidences of spirit power and help. Many are elderly people, but not a few are young people, and it is pleasing to note the intelligent interest these latter are taking in our philosophy.

The N. S. A. sends out fraternal greetings to the readers of the Light of Truth. It feels that you are all in sympathy in every good work, and it asks your co-operation and good thoughts in its especial work for humanity and the cause of truth. It has faith in its own work and mission to the world, and believes that all who co-operate in it will receive the blessing of the angel world. Cordially,
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NEWS OF THE WEEK

President McKinley has been suffering from neuralgia.

Mrs. Anna E. George was acquitted of the charge of murdering George D. Saxton at Canton last October.

Overtures looking to cessation of hostilities in the Philippines have been made by representatives of Aguinaldo.

Both Low Church and High Church Episcopalians deplore the elevation of the heretical Dr. Briggs to the priesthood of the church.

There is renewed uneasiness over the situation in Transvaal. President Kruger, as he intimated a month ago, evidently is expecting hostilities with England.

Captain Coghlan of the cruiser Raleigh was lightly reprimanded by the navy department for telling too much truth in his recent speech at the Union League, New York.

The historic farm on which Abraham Lincoln was born, near Hodgenville, Ky., has been bought by David Grear of New York, and will probably be converted into a park.

As a result of the tornado that swept through the eastern portion of Kirksville, Mo., demolishing half of the residences and other buildings, 200 families are homeless and nearly 50 dead bodies and 70 injured persons have been recovered from the ruins.

Sam Hose, negro murderer and rapist, was burned to death and his body horribly mutilated by a mob near Palmetto, Ga. A negro preacher named Strickland, accused by Hose as the instigator of the murder, was hanged and mutilated by a mob in the same vicinity.

The gold output of Alaska up to 1897 exceeded \$15,000,000. The total for 1898 is estimated at \$6,000,000, though exact figures are not obtainable. The Treadwell mine alone, up to and including 1897, has paid \$6,625,945 as dividends to its stockholders. The output for 1897 was \$2,439,212.

At the annual conference of the African Methodist Episcopal church in Jersey City Bishop Walters spoke on the burning at the stake of Sam Hose at Palmetto, Ga. He warned the whites of the north that if the negroes of the south were not given fair treatment a race war would be precipitated.

The president has selected as the delegates of the United States to the conference at The Hague in May: Andrew D. White, ambassador to Germany; Stanford Newell, minister to the Netherlands; President Seth Low of Columbia university; Captain William Crozier, U. S. army, and Captain A. E. Mahan, U. S. navy.

A continuous teleraphic circuit of 6,001 miles, reaching from New York city to the Pacific coast, and from Chicago to New Orleans, touching Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Memphis, St. Louis and Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, San Francisco and all the larger intermediate points south and west, was successfully worked for several hours.

Mrs. Mary Wright Sewell, vice president International Council of Women, has fixed May 15 as the date upon which simultaneous meetings of women are to be held in all parts of the world on behalf of the idea of peace and the promotion of the principle of justice, instead of force, in the international relations of peoples. Suitable resolutions will be forwarded to The Hague to be presented to the Peace Congress on May 18th.

What Grateful Patients Say of Dr. Swanson's Methods of Curing Disease.

The following patients were cured at a distance without ever seeing Dr. Swanson:

Dr. J. Swanson: Dear Sir—About ten months ago, hearing of your wonderful healing power, I applied to you for the relief of my wife's sufferings, who, while developing in mediumship, was attacked by a class of undeveloped, decarnate souls, who made her life miserable. These malefic influences directed their annoying and destructive forces to the throat, stomach and other portions of the body. During the attacks it was only through the persistent application of cold and hot water, and even brine to the organs affected, that she received even temporary relief. Through correspondence with some of the most noted mediums and psychics, whose names space forbids writing, we received more or less aid. But, despite all efforts, the attacks became more and more severe, when, on the verge of despair, I was impressed to write to you, receiving at once, through your magnetized pads, the requisite healing power. Under your treatment my wife began to improve (she and I sitting as a battery), the dark souls becoming less and less severe in their attacks, and also less frequent in their visits. In the meantime a "band of protection" has been formed through your combined forces. Therefore, my wife and I here desire to express to you our deepest heartfelt thanks for your timely intervention and valuable assistance, as we are confident that you have saved her life.

In testimonial whereof we most earnestly recommend to the thousands suffering similarly or otherwise, you and your noble band of healers. And long may you remain on earth to aid and bless humanity. Most gratefully yours,

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Langford, S. Dak., 1899.

Dr. J. Swanson: Dear Sir—Inclosed please find two dollars (\$2) for the magnetized paper received three days ago. After this is used up I believe that I will have to stop taking more till next fall, because I am getting short of ready cash, and can't get a hold of any more till that time; but I hope that I will not need any more, as I feel pretty healthy now. I am full of gratitude to you and your guides for bringing me back to health. Thanks for your information how to treat my ailment. Yours most sincerely,

ALFRED JOHNSON,
Box 87. Langford, S. D.

[Dr. Swanson's home and office are at 1728 Clinton avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. The Light of Truth unhesitatingly indorses Dr. Swanson in all respects, as a gentleman and physician and a true medium.—Ed.]

"I am called a dreamer. Well, I would rather dream of a righteous social system than acquiesce in the cruelty and injustice of today. I am called a demagogue, just as Thomas Jefferson and Wendell Phillips were in their day called demagogues. The man who devotes his intellect to the service of the downtrodden and oppressed is a demagogue. The man whose intellect is at the behest of corporate capital is 'respectable.'—Eugene V. Debs.

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